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The Sketch

No. 928.—Vol. LXXII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



QUIETLY MARRIED AT EDINBURGH TO A MILLIONAIRE: MRS. FRANK JAY GOULD (FORMERLY MISS EDIE KELLY),
a young actress of THE GAIETY AND OTHER THEATRES.

The marriage took place very quietly the other day of Miss Edie Kelly, the young actress who has appeared at the Gaiety Theatre in this country, and also in America, and Mr. Frank Jay Gould, son of the famous Jay Gould, and himself a millionaire. The bridegroom is thirty-two. His wife, as we have already noted, has appeared at the Gaiety. She was seen in "The Girls of Gottenberg" and "Havana." In England she was in the chorus; in America she has been doing much more ambitious work. For instance, she has been playing Miss Olive May's part in "The Girls of Gottenberg," at the Knickerbocker Theatre, and dancing in "Havana," at the Casino. On both sides of the water she was most successful on the stage and most popular.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]

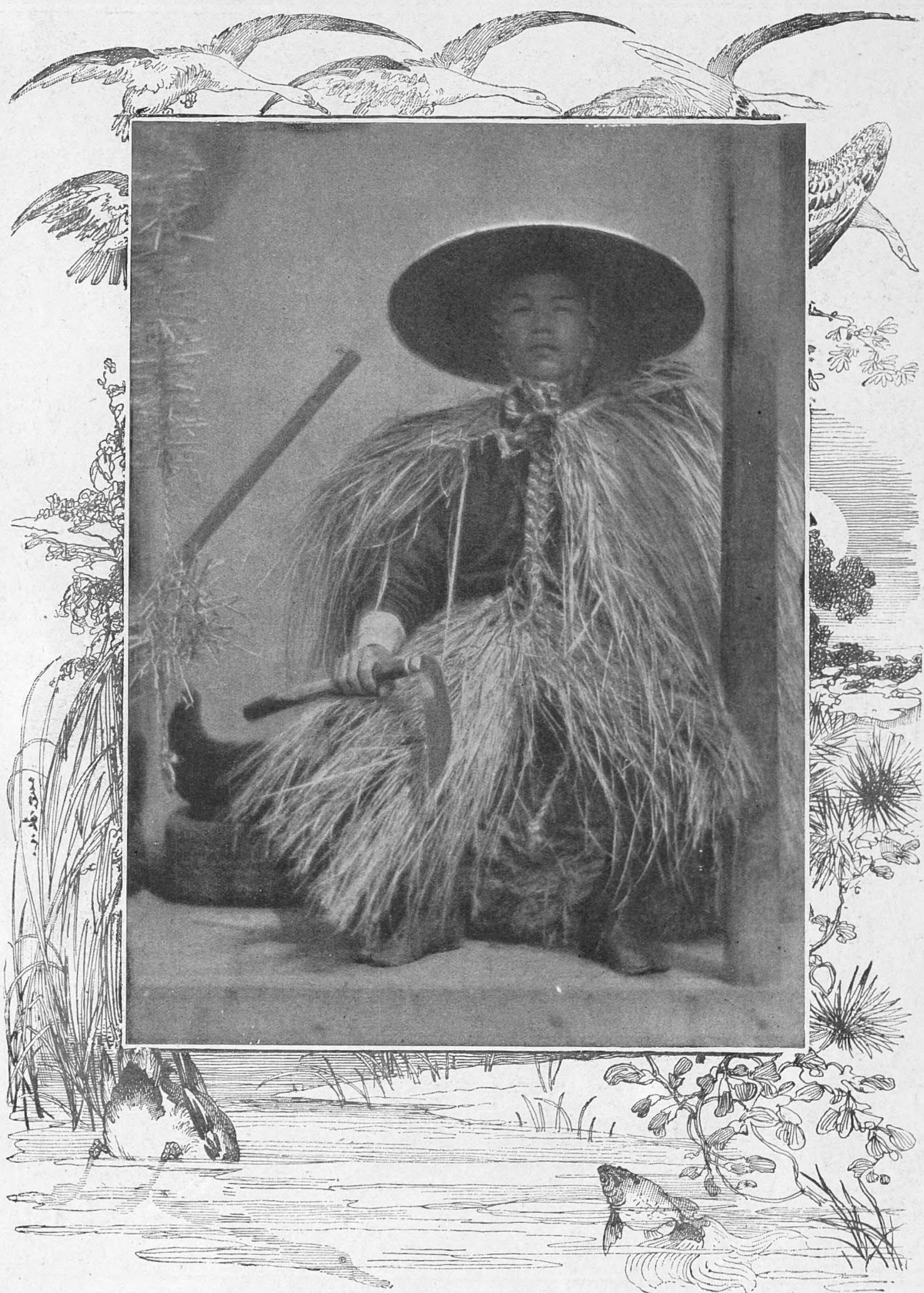
THE BORED: A STUDY OF PARISIAN THEATRE-GOERS.



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DRAWN BY ABEL FAIVRE.

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Photographic Study by Alvin Langdon Coburn

THE LITTLE FATHER'S CHILDREN: THE TSAR'S FAMILY.



1. THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA, BORN AT PETERHOF ON MAY 29, 1897. 2. THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS, THE HEIR APPARENT, BORN AT PETERHOF ON JULY 30, 1904.
 3. THE GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA, BORN AT PETERHOF ON JUNE 5, 1901.
 4. THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIA, BORN AT PETERHOF ON JUNE 14, 1899. 5. THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA, BORN AT TSARSKOE SELO ON NOV. 3, 1895.

Of the five children of the Emperor of all the Russias, the Grand Duchess Tatiana is described as the clever one of the family, and the Grand Duchess Maria as the fun-loving one of the family. With regard to the portrait of the young Tsarevitch, it may be said that it is the first one to show him without the sailor cap. The Tsarevitch, who is seven next year, is Hetman of all the Cossacks, Chief of the Guard Regiment of Finland, of the 51st Regiment of Zitovsk, of the 12th Regiment of the Eastern Siberian Sharpshooters and of the Cadet Corps of Tachkent, of the 4th Regiment of Horse Artillery of the Guard, of the Military School in Moscow "Alexei," à la suite of the 43rd Regiment of Dragoons of Tver, of the 262nd Regiment of Infantry Reserve of Siliian, of the 44th Regiment of Dragoons of Nijni-Novgorod, of the 45th Regiment of Dragoons of Seversk, of the 1st Battalion of the Railway, of the Combined Regiment of the Cossacks of the Garde du Corps, of the 15th Regiment of Dragoons of Alexandria, of the Military School "Paul and Alexander," and of the 1st Corps of Cadets; also Knight of the Order of St. Andrew.—[Photographs supplied by E.N.A.]

•AT THE SIGN OF THE PLANTEUR DE CAIFFA•

FAMILIAR objects on French roads are the vehicles that belong to the above great enterprise. They are drawn by horses that for size and strength, and for perfection of grooming and of harness, rival those of certain famous English brewers. The company is, naturally and properly, proud of its horses, and the drivers look as though no small share of the credit is due to them. To whom do these vehicles and horses belong? They are as numerous as those of Pickford, or of Carter, Paterson and Co., in London, or of one of our great railways. Thereby hangs a tale, full of an interest that is almost romantic. But it has a basis in solid reality, and it implies a discerning eye, an alert brain, a vast capacity for organisation, much courage, and strong faith.

First of all, as a prelude, a little incident must be narrated. It may not have appeared of much importance at the time, but it was an indication of what lay behind. With the close of the Paris International Exhibition of 1900, an act of petty officialism caused much inconvenience and annoyance to the people residing in or having business in the locality. A continuous line of buildings had been erected along both banks of the river Seine, between the Place de la Concorde and Passy. The existing bridges that cross the river were not sufficient to accommodate the crowds of visitors. A wooden foot-bridge was therefore thrown over between the bridges of the Alma and of Jena. It proved to be a great convenience, and everyone felt that it ought to be allowed to remain. But when the Exhibition closed its doors, barriers were placed at each end of the wooden bridge, and all access was barred.

Of course, officialism is ubiquitous and almost omnipotent in France generally and in Paris in particular. Little or nothing can be done without inspection and a permit. Some unknown but potent functionary decreed that the bridge should be closed, and there was an end of it. There were mutterings, and grumblings, and loud talk, and much gesticulation, and considerable excitement; but all this did not avail to remove or break down the barriers. Six years passed, and the foot-bridge remained silent and disused. Then occurred the unexpected.

One Sunday evening in 1906 a rumour spread abroad that a free concert was to be given, and that the performers would take their stand on the centre of the bridge. The news passed from one group of people to another, and excited the curiosity of the Parisians, who are known to be a music-loving people. They hailed the prospect of a free open-air concert, and assembled in crowds at each end of the bridge, peering through the barriers or watching in serried ranks from the riverside. At the appointed hour a band of one hundred musicians scaled the barrier and took up their assigned position. They gave a performance of a high order, including both classical

and popular compositions, to the unbounded delight of the huge audience, and rewarded by enthusiastic plaudits. Strange to say, officialism did not interfere. Perhaps a quiet Sunday siesta was being enjoyed. Anyway, there was no interruption. At the close of the performance the assembly dispersed in an orderly manner.

Whence came the band? Its members were in the employ of a neighbouring business concern, well known in Paris and in the provinces. The band was widely known and highly appreciated, being accustomed to give free open-air entertainments of the kind in the evening, especially in the neighbourhood of the Tuilleries. Why was the closed bridge over the Seine chosen for this particular performance? Because the founder and head of the firm, M. Michel Cahen, rightly judged this would be an effectual method of calling public attention to the matter, with a view to induce the authorities to rescind their restrictive order, after it had been in force for six years. What they would not concede to reason, or to complaints, or to public indignation, they yielded under the softening and bewitching influences of music. As ever, it had "charms to soothe the savage (official) breast." The next morning the barriers were removed, and the bridge was again thrown open.

The action above described is typical of the man. Perception of opportunity, and a wise adaptation of means to ends usually characterise leaders of men and captains of industry. Twenty years ago M. Michel Cahen saw that there was a great business opening, and he instantly and astutely availed himself of it. To provide as many French households as possible with good fresh-roasted coffee, without the intervention of retail shops, he devised a plan of distribution through dépôts and agents, which have gone on increasing, until now the ramifications extend over the whole of France.

Other articles of grocery or for domestic use were subsequently added from time to time, and further additions are in contemplation. Many of these are manufactured in the central establishments in Paris. The value of the goods sold has risen from a quarter of a million pounds sterling in 1900 to two millions and a half in the last completed year. It seems destined to continue to increase, for, unlike Alexander the Great, M. Cahen has other worlds to conquer.

MUCH PRIZED BY ITS OWNERS: A PRIZE HORSE TYPICAL OF THOSE OF THE "PLANTEUR DE CAIFFA" ESTABLISHMENTS.
The "Planteur de Caïffa's" establishments pay particular attention to their horses, of the magnificence of which they are justifiably proud.

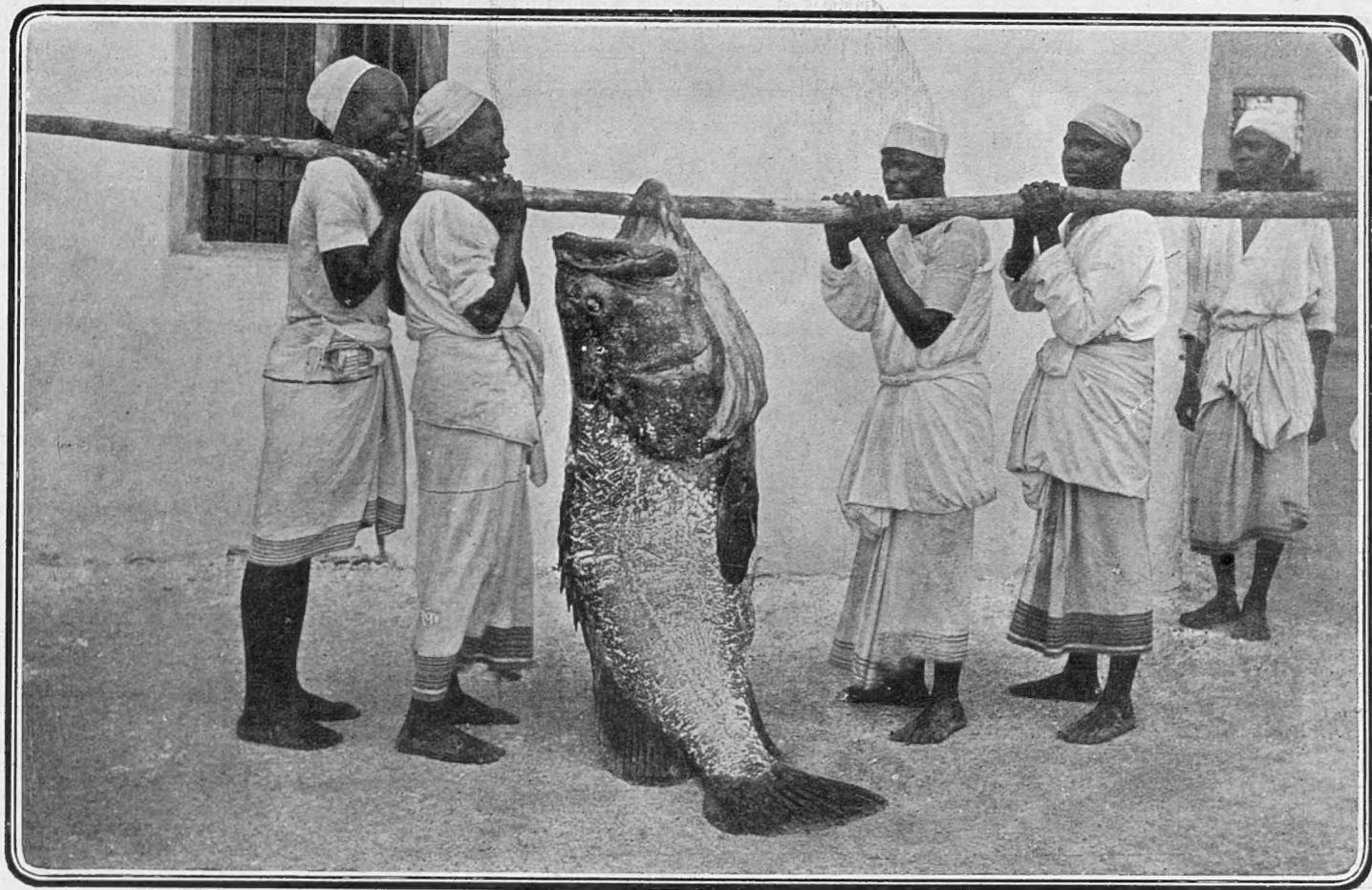
leaders of men and captains of industry. Twenty years ago M. Michel Cahen saw that there was a great business opening, and he instantly and astutely availed himself of it. To provide as many French households as possible with good fresh-roasted coffee, without the intervention of retail shops, he devised a plan of distribution through dépôts and agents, which have gone on increasing, until now the ramifications extend over the whole of France.



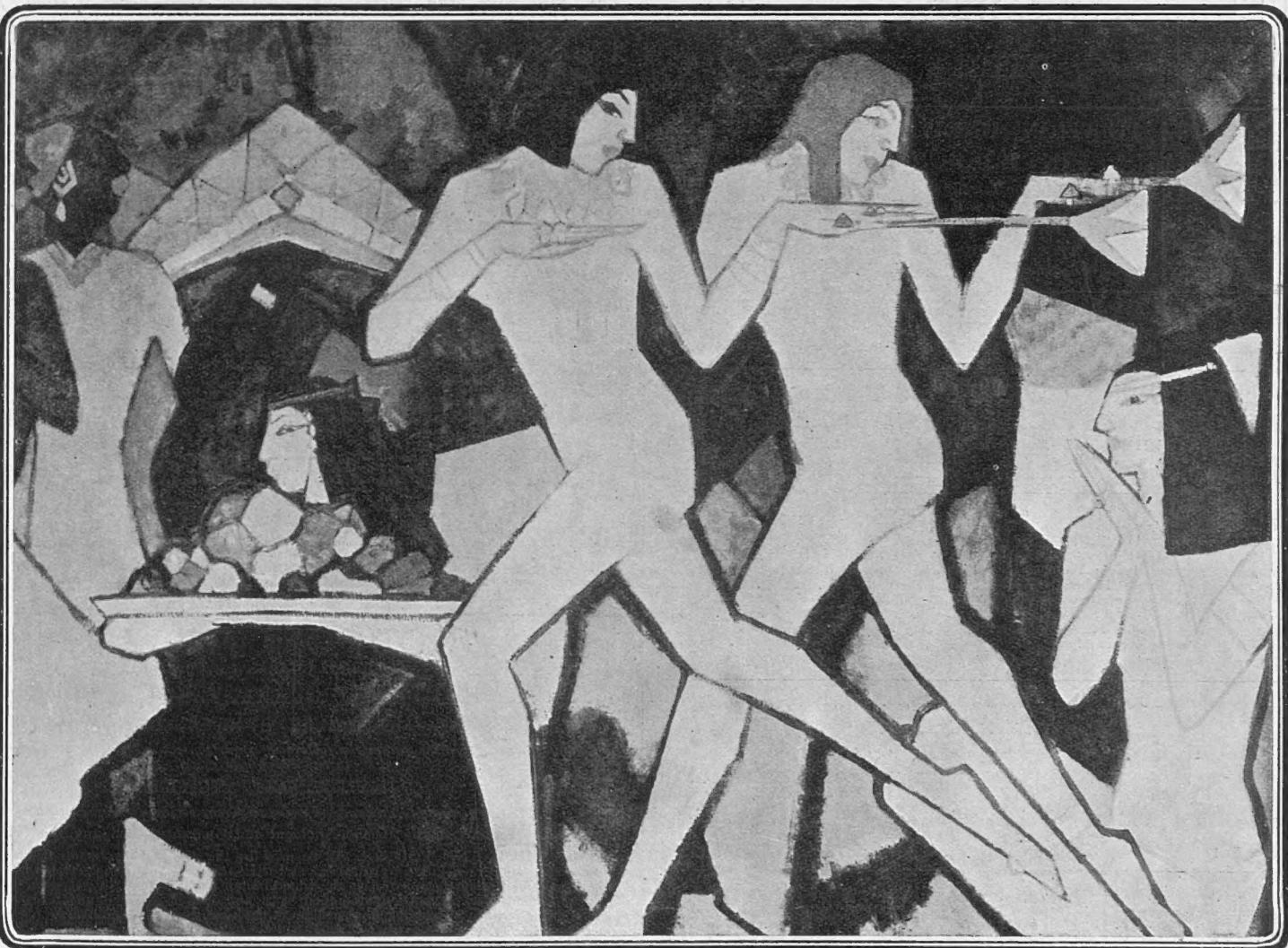
MOST POPULAR BY REASON OF ITS PLAYING IN THE TUILERIES GARDENS: THE BAND OF MEMBERS OF THE STAFF OF THE "PLANTEUR DE CAIFFA."
There are one hundred members of this band, all of them employés in the "Planteur de Caïffa's" establishments. The band plays every evening in the Tuileries Gardens, to the great enjoyment of the public.

As with some famous English traders, the secrets of success are, mainly, three—namely, perfect organisation, delivery of goods at the door, and cash payments. As an additional inducement, a system of discount-stamps is in operation. The customers receive these with every purchase, and are able to obtain other articles at a considerable reduction. The brain that could devise and supervise such a vast system is the same that hit upon the simple but efficient plan of effecting the opening of the bridge across the Seine.

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"The Egyptian Dancers" is on show at the Paris Autumn Salon; is the work of an American lady, Miss Anne Rice; measures eight feet by four; is hailed by its admirers as the herald of a new school; and was inspired by the recent production of the Russian ballet, "Cleopatra," in Paris. A writer has said of its painter: "It is claimed that, while the Old Masters strove for the beauty of curves, Miss Rice has aimed at and attained the beauty and harmony of angles. According to this artist's views, it is only the moderns in art who have failed to develop the human body into conventional designs. Those of the East well understood this form of art, but it is a phase that has been neglected by the Occidentals until recently."—[Photograph by Curtis Brown Bureau.]

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OUR SECOND SUPPLEMENT ON THE OLYMPIA MOTOR-SHOW.

IN continuation of the Special Supplement given in our last Issue on the Motor Show at Olympia, we present our readers this week with yet another, in which further stands and exhibits are dealt with. It will, we hope, form a useful guide to some of the special features of the show. As we have had occasion to remark elsewhere, the chief novelties to be observed in motor-car construction this year are improvements in matters of detail. Visitors to the Show who intend to buy a car will find themselves confronted with a bewildering variety of vehicles equally attractive in appearance. In making a choice, if they have not expert knowledge of motor mechanism themselves, they should be guided by advice such as that which is given in our Supplements, pointing out the little variations of construction which a novice overlooks but which may mean so much in actual practice. It is extremely important—if a breakdown, for instance, occurs on a lonely road—to be able to get easily at the "innards" of one's machine, or to have the proper appliances for mending or replacing parts. On points of this kind it would be well for intending purchasers of cars to read carefully the information given in our Supplements.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MURRAY.	METHUEN.
Grit. George Hansby Russell. 6s. Bawbee Jock. Amy McLaren. 6s.	Reason and Belief. Sir Oliver Lodge. 3s. 6d. net.
CASSELL.	HEINEMANN.
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STANLEY PAUL.	WERNER LAURIE.
The Amours of Henri de Navarre. Lieutenant-Colonel A. C. P. Haggard. 10s. net.	Nooks and Corners of Old London. Charles and Marie Hemstreet. 3s. 6d. net.
JOHN LANE.	HODDER AND STOUGHTON.
Japan for a Week. A. M. Thompson. 5s. net.	The Case of Lady Brodstone. A. W. Marchmont. 6s.
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By Summer Seas and Flowery Fields. T. Carreras. 2s. 6d.	

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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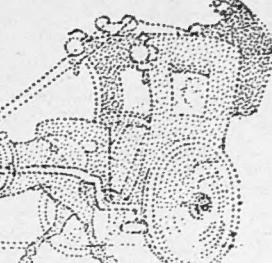
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November 9, 1910.

Signature.....

THE CLUBMAN



The 1900.

I wonder how many Londoners could without reference to a map or a directory say where is Pickering Place, in which the 1900 Club now has its house? The Place itself is a flagged court with old houses round it—houses old enough not to have any modern conveniences, but not old enough to be picturesque. The entrance to this place is a narrow passage on the east side of St. James's Street. The passage has a flooring of boards, and has grimy panelling and the old shutters of shops on either side of it. The Place should be, and no doubt is, one of the quietest backwaters in the midst of Club-land, for nothing on wheels larger than a wheelbarrow could pass into it. It is in one of the old houses in the Place that the new Unionists' Club, the 1900, has taken rooms in order that the members—many of whom are ex-M.P.s—may dine together in a club-room of their own. The principal room of the club is furnished with old wooden chairs and an old eighteenth-century table, and has old prints on its walls, and good pewter, and a rack of churchwarden pipes above its mantelpiece.

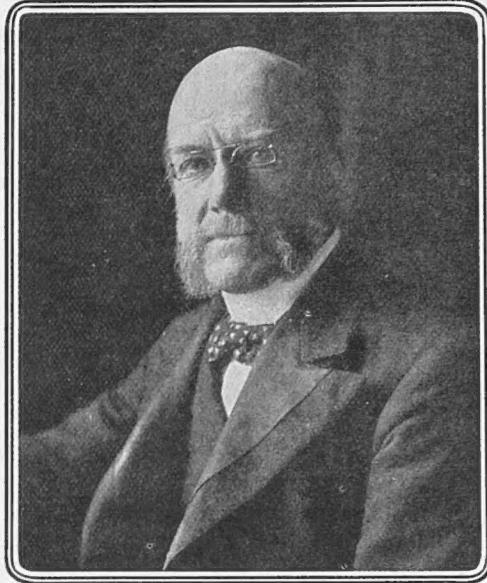
Old Gambling Clubs.

The club house of the 1900 has in its time been the residence of a Georgian buck and of a gaming club which was frequented by such great gamblers as were D'Orsay and that Lord Sandwich who invented the slices of bread and meat which bear his name. St. James's Street in old days was the paradise of gamblers, for Crockford's rooms were on the site which the Devonshire now occupies, and the Cocoa Tree, at which at one time there was very high gaming. There is a legend at the Cocoa Tree that, on the occasion of a raid being made upon the club, one of the members concealed some bank-notes among the leaves of the imitation tree which supports the roof in the principal room of the club. These notes are said never to have been recovered, and it is always told as a joke against the club that every new servant who enters its service takes an opportunity to search the tree thoroughly, hoping to find the treasure that generations of other servants have not discovered. White's and Brooke's were both in their time clubs where gaming was the principal attraction. Fox used to play faro at Brooke's, and sometimes was reduced to such a state of poverty that he was compelled to borrow money from the waiters. White's was another club which Fox frequented. How high the gaming at White's used to be Walpole recorded when he wrote that the three Damiers lost among them £70,000.

Sir George Reid's Lecture.

Sir George Reid, the High Commissioner for Australia in our midst, has lectured us on our selfishness in deplored the drain that the Colonies are making on our population, and points out to us that every year, in spite of emigration, 100,000 people are added to the population of our islands. What we do regret is that the

Colonies take of our best, and that the people who either do not want to work or are not fit to work are left on our hands. Everyone who lives in a country village tells the same story. The young men who go to Australia or Canada are the men whom Great Britain can least spare—the young yeomen or the energetic young artisans. The wastrels remain on our hands. I do not think we are selfish in the matter.



FOR THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS WAR ARTIST OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS": THE LATE MELTON PRIOR.

To the very great regret of all who knew him personally, and of many who knew him only through the medium of his brilliant work as war-artist, Melton Prior passed away last week in his home at Chelsea. Mr. Prior won world-wide fame as war-artist for the "Illustrated London News," which he served with exceptional distinction for seven-and-thirty years—from the Ashantee War of 1873. None will regret his loss more than those who were his comrades in the office from which issues the "Illustrated London News" and its younger sister, "The Sketch."—[Photograph by Mills.]

been recovered, and it is always told as a joke against the club that every new servant who enters its service takes an opportunity to search the tree thoroughly, hoping to find the treasure that generations of other

and Crimean days. We borrowed the idea of the shako from the French when France was the greatest of military nations, just as we borrowed the spiked helmet from Germany when she triumphed over France. The great objection to the shako always has been that it gives no shade to the back of the head. A new shako which does this is that worn by postmen, which, however, is not entirely satisfactory, for in summer they adopt a straw hat. Long ago, a shako with a sheltering peak at the back was invented by the Prince Consort. The Army, however, did not like it. The men said that it directed a stream of rain down their backs. A new headdress never finds favour with our Army. When the Glengarry cap superseded the little round cap, men of English regiments were ashamed to go out of barracks in it, and we all know how our troops disliked the "Brodrick,"

Drill at Schools. Sir George Reid, coming from the great Commonwealth which has accepted compulsory military service gladly, sees the Old Country floundering in its attempts to evolve a disciplined Home Guard, and cannot understand why it is that the two great parties in the State, having agreed on compulsory training for all boys, do not agree on that compulsory drilling of all boys which would enable them to take their part as soldiers if the need to do so ever came. I think that our kindly critic from Australia, where every man can shoot and ride, underestimates the difficulties of making a town lad into an efficient soldier. It is not by drill alone, but by exercises in the field, by becoming a good rifle-shot, and by absorbing that spirit of discipline which enables men to stand fast or advance in moments of deadly peril, that a soldier is really made. Most of our military critics believe that the training given to our Territorials in shooting and in field-work is below the minimum required to make the men into a force fit to meet a foreign invader, even with the six months' additional work pre-supposed in case our striking force should have to leave this country. Drill at school, though an excellent beginning, will not supply the missing training.

The New Shako. I read, contemplating for the infantry a return to the old shako which our men used to wear in Peninsular



THE £250,000 BUILDING FOR MOTORISTS: THE NEW HOME OF THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB. The new club, which stands on the spot formerly occupied by the old War Office, is being erected at a cost of a quarter of a million, and it seems likely that it will be the finest club in the world. The R.A.M.C. already has nearly six thousand members, and it is thought that it will have ten thousand by the end of next year.—[Photograph by Topical.]

which has now given place to the peaked cap. Some regiments wore distinctive shakos, as a record of deeds done in battle. The pom-pom of one regiment, for instance, was three-quarters red and one-quarter white.

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

A MAN cook does his work just as well when he is in a bad temper; a woman cook is at her best when she is in a good temper. If we remember who sends us cooks, the prevalence of bad temper will not be surprising.



on old-age pensions. Why not appoint them as a Royal Commission for Shotley, to look after the plague rats?

Judge Rentoul has entered for the judicial innocence stakes with "What does 'O.K.' mean?" And yet the mere barrister—the raw material out of which Judges are made—knows everything.

WILL IT BE ANY BETTER?

(The Meteorological Office has moved from Victoria Street to South Kensington.)

Bravely the Clerk of the Weather
In the years and years gone by,
Has added his figures together
And proved them by $x + y$;

Has hoped for a gleam of sunlight
To warm up his thermograph,
And has done what he could in the
dim light

To hearten his rain-chilled staff.

But now he has packed his gauges,
And shaken from off his feet
The dust and the grime of the ages
In gloomy Victoria Street.

He has quitted that sojourn nocturnal,
He has fled from the dark, and gone
To (I don't think) a land of eternal
Sunshine—South Kensington.

News from Covent Garden tells us that nuts are scarce and dear this year. Real "nuts" are always scarce and dear, but they are never to be seen near Covent Garden.



veterans are probably wanted to appear as babies in arms

More buttons appear on dresses this autumn, but they are generally small. Fashionable people are also selling their motor-cars and buying costers' barrows.

In sixty years all the iron in the world will be used up. Please be careful of your old razor-blades.



Sugar is coming into fashion again. The doctors now advise us to eat sweets in order that we may be merry and warm throughout the winter. Only a few years ago, sugar and sweets were denounced as poison. Perhaps it will be safer to get a new great-coat.

Brixton Borough Council has been considering the installation of illuminated fire-alarm posts. There is no doubt, whatever else it may do, that the innovation will alarm the citizens of Battersea who are returning home late on Saturday night.

In the near future, the Civil Service Commissioners will examine candidates for the Army by means of the X-rays. This is a great advance. If there is any little bit of iron in the future-soldier's composition, the X-rays will discover it.

FOURSOMES ON BANANAS.

(This is a very risky time of the year for bananas. They catch cold so easily.)

Perhaps you may think it desmatory
Or libellous when you are told
That bananas can suffer inflammatory
Symptoms—that is, catch a cold.
And, in truth, it seems hardly in-
telligible

That this hero of jest and of wheeze
Should be really and truthfully eligible
For so human an act as a sneeze.

Yet those whose assertions are merit-
able

Declare that our colds aren't a patch
Compared to the thorough and verit-
able

Influenza these foreigners catch.
So pause ere you eat them voraciously,
Ere you strip off their top-coat of
peel,

And ask them politely and graciously,
If they really feel fit for a meal.

It is the soulful quality of the modern toy which attracts. Ladies will positively rave over a fluffy little cloth dog, and talk to it for hours in a "baby" voice. In spite of their detractors, it is evident that women really are getting more intellectual.



The new meat for which we have all been yearning has been discovered in the wallaby, which lives in Australia. But you must be patient, for the chefs have not yet decided what it is to be called on the menu, and it cannot be cooked till that is settled.

The Post Office in telegrams charges "M.P." as two words, and "p.m." as one, and Mr. Henniker Heaton does not approve of the practice. Surely he would not deprive the permanent officials of such an innocent little piece of enjoyment.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



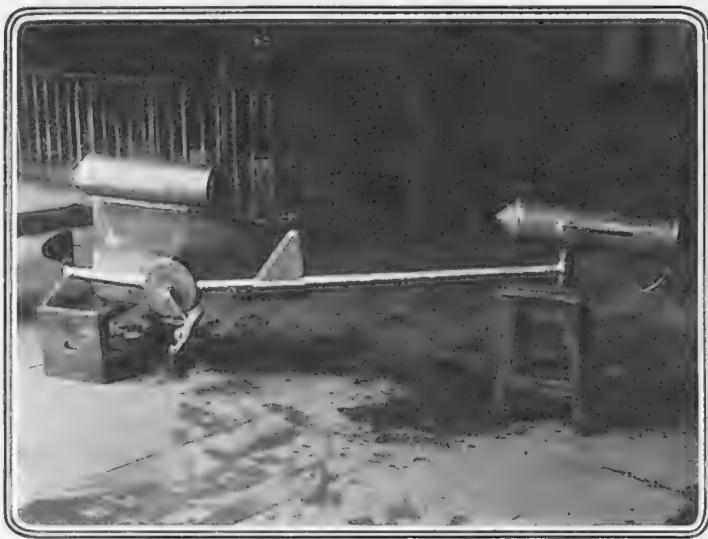
THE GOD ON THE CAR: MERCURY AS GUARDIAN OF A CARNIVAL CARRIAGE.

The elaborate floral car here illustrated was a feature of a recent fête at Valencia. It will be seen that the two crowns that are a part of its ornament are held by Cupids, and that a Mercury has place in front of it.



A "GRAVE" THAT SUGGESTS A HAYSTACK: A KOREAN TOMB BY THE WAYSIDE.

Lime is placed about the coffin, which is then enclosed in straw in the manner shown. The whole is set in a field, and resembles nothing more than a haystack of small size curiously constructed.



THE MACHINE, SHOWING THE SLIPPER-LIKE PEDALS WITH WHICH THE SCREW IS DRIVEN, THE SADDLE, AND THE HAND-REST.

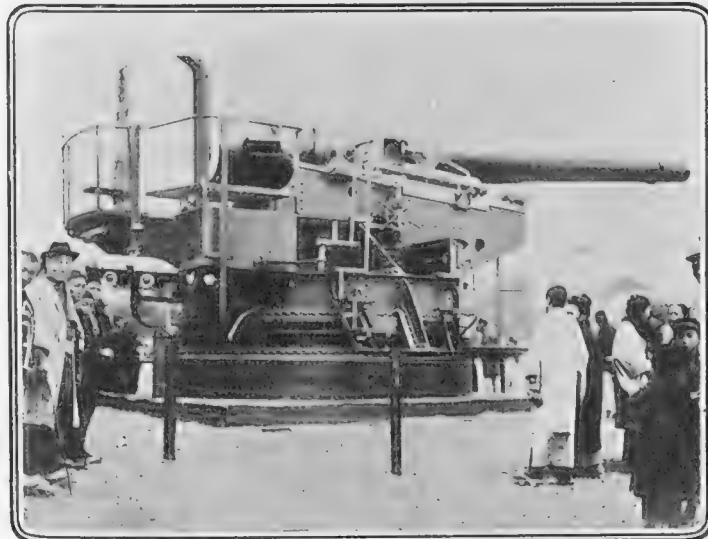
THE MACHINE IN USE, SHOWING THE SWIMMER PEDALLING TO WORK THE SCREW, RESTING AGAINST THE SADDLE, AND HOLDING THE HAND-REST.

A HUMAN SCREW-CRAFT: A SWIMMING-MACHINE WITH A PROPELLER DRIVEN BY THE FEET. With the aid of this ingenious device the swimmer is propelled through the water by the action of a screw. This screw is driven by pedals worked by the swimmer, who is resting against a saddle with his hands on a special rest.—[Photographs by Paul Heymann.]



WITH RUDDER OF BEAMS, IRON SCREWS, AND RAILS: THE "UNIVERSAL," WITH ITS MAKESHIFT STEERING-GEAR.

The 8000-ton Danish steamer "Universal," rammed by an unknown steamer while on her way to Halifax, lost her rudder. Hence the provision, at sea, of this makeshift steering-gear, contrived of beams, iron screws, and rails. To enable this to be fitted, the vessel's cargo was shifted to the bow, that the stem might be raised from the water.



STANDING WITNESS OF SUCCESS IN A GREAT WAR: A CAPTURED RUSSIAN GUN IN THE PARK AT TOKIO.

This gun, taken from the Russians during the Russo-Japanese War, has been set up in the park at Tokio as an eloquent, if silent, sign of valorous deeds done. Needless to say, much interest is being taken in it by the people of the nation which "came out top" in the only great war that has yet been fought under twentieth century conditions.

Photograph by Topical.

Photograph by Transatlantic Co.

SMALL TALK

Lord and Lady Londonderry's party for covert shooting at Wynyrd Park last week was made of such very strong political stuff that sport did not on this occasion dominate the talk. Lord and Lady Ilchester, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Lady Elcho, Lord and Lady Dalmeny, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby, Viscount Helmsley, and Lord Hugh Cecil were of a company in which commoners were most uncommon, and, as it proved, the centre of interest; for, besides the Speaker and Mrs. Lowther, Mr. Monypenny—the current coin of the week's conversation—was present. Naturally, the weeklies, with



TO CHANGE HER DRESS BEFORE DRESS-MAKERS, TO SHOW WHAT AN ACTRESS MAY OWE TO HER DRESSMAKER:
MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL.

Miss Russell promised recently to speak before the National Dressmakers' Association of America, to appear before them in street costume, to take this off, and then redress in a "stunning gown," to show that much of an actress's success on the stage may be due to her dressmaker. Miss Russell is of opinion that "many women who have made hits on the American stage have been boosted into popularity by the elegance of their wardrobe."

Photograph by Fleet.

notices on the Disraelian biography, became especially interesting. "That's what I call covert shooting, whatever Londonderry may persuade us to do with guns this afternoon," observed a guest on reading an anonymous criticism of the great book in one of the papers handed round at breakfast. Mr. Monypenny, by the way, has been under fire before now: he was in Ladysmith during the siege.

Unrepeating Domestic History. The domestic history of the Napoleons makes doubtful reading for any intended brides of members of their illustrious House. But Princess Clementine has read history, and yet made her choice. Prince Victor Napoleon—who is, of course, not directly descended from the great Napoleon—possesses few characteristics in common with the Bonapartes, who were most disastrous as spouses; and even in Napoleonic domesticities there are compensating incidents. Napoleon III. was by no means so indifferent a husband as has often been hinted. He and his wife did not repeat Napoleonic history by living apart. Even if they stand almost alone in the family annals in that respect, their case

cannot well be passed over by the friends of Princess Clementine, however pessimistic.

Not for Brides. While Spain prospered, as doubtless Belgium will, Italy was particularly unfortunate in the loan of a lady to the Bonaparte *ménage*. Princess Clotilde, the daughter of Victor Emmanuel, could not long endure life with Prince Napoleon.

Cavour supported the marriage on the curious ground that a royal wedding in any case meant more or less misery! "No doubt," he wrote to Victor Emmanuel, "the Princess's happiness must be considered; but is there any Prince of the old



WIFE OF THE NEW MAYOR OF WYCOMBE: MRS. COX IN THE SHOP OF HER HUSBAND'S HAIRDRESSING ESTABLISHMENT.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

TO ENTERTAIN IN LONDON DURING THE WINTER: THE MAHARANEE OF KUCH BEHAR, WHO HAS TAKEN LORD EDWARD SPENCER CHURCHILL'S HOUSE. The Maharanee of Kuch Behar, who, with her husband, has taken Lord Edward Spencer Churchill's house in Grosvenor Street, and will entertain there during the winter season, is of French extraction and highly accomplished. She seldom, when in Europe, wears Indian dress, but patronises the best Parisian and London modistes. She was a favourite with King Edward, and Queen Alexandra likes her greatly. Her jewels are superb. Her boys have been at Eton.—[Photograph by *Lafayette*.]

European dynasties who could give her any better chance of happiness? Your Majesty's uncle had four daughters. The first married the Duke of Modena, a disgrace to humanity; the second, the Duke of Lucca, and her life was a torment; the third became an Empress, and her husband abdicated in disgrace shortly after; the fourth married the King of Naples, whose brutality hurried her to an early grave." It is a lurid record.

The Coming and its Kindness.

Christmas charities already play their part in the social programme. Queen Mary characteristically set an example of the punctual anticipation of the season of kindness when she attended to the arrangement of garments for the London Needlework Guild; and last week Lady Hope and Mrs. Ker-Seymer, supported by Christmas presents, were "at home" at the Royal School of Art Needlework. Mr. Otto Beit has decided again to lend 26, Park Lane for the Home Arts and Industries Association's Christmas sale, and on Dec. 6 and 7 the charming rooms will for once be crowded. The gratifications of possessing an unoccupied house are few enough, and Mr. Beit is not the man to pass one by when it offers.



THE BARBER MAYOR OF WYCOMBE: MR. H. J. COX AT WORK.

Mr. Cox has just become Mayor of Wycombe, and promises to have a most successful year of office.
Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

A DIFFERENT GIRL AGAIN: PRUDENCE THE QUAKERESS.



"THE QUAKER GIRL," AT THE ADELPHI: MISS GERTIE MILLAR AS PRUDENCE.—SMILING AND SERIOUS.

Miss Gertie Millar, so long and so successfully associated with the Gaiety, has changed theatres for the nonce and is at the Adelphi, playing Prudence, the latest of the "Girls" of the musical-comedy and musical-play stage. Associated with her in the new piece are such popular people as Messrs. Joseph Coyne, C. Hayden Coffin, and James Blakeley, and the Misses Gracie Leigh, Elsie Spain, and Phyllis le Grand. The scenes are laid in an English country village, at Mme. Blum's Dressmaking Salon in Paris, and at the Pré-Catalan, outside Paris.—[Photographs by Rita Martin.]

CROWNS. CORONETS. COURTIERS

WITH respect to such widows of Peers (runs the Earl Marshal's Coronation summons) who have remarried under the rank of the Peerage they, according to precedent, are considered as not entitled to such summons. By a curious coincidence, while the Duke of Norfolk was in the act of despatching the documents containing this and the other regulations in regard to the attendance of ladies at next year's ceremony, Mary Lady Inverclyde was going through the ceremony of marriage with Sir Archibald Hunter. The Earl Marshal could have sent it by a messenger, and greeted her as she left the church where she had shed her rights as a Baron's widow. There are many ladies in her case, prominent among them being Susan Countess of Malmes-

bury, whose second husband was Sir John Ardagh; Cora Countess of Strafford, whose name is now associated with Mr. Kennard; and Constance Countess de la Warr, who married, not many years ago, Mr. Paul Wyatt.

The Airman's degrees, Languages. Captain Bertram Dickson is gaining strength. While he is painfully learning how to sit and move and walk again, the Army is learning the things he would so dearly have enjoyed teaching. Instead, Mr. L. Blin Desbelds is giving a course of instruction in aviation at the Royal Military College, Woolwich. Even in his delirium, during



MARRIED TO MISS EMILY MARY STARKEY YESTERDAY (THE 8TH): MR. LISTER LISTER-KAYE.

The wedding of Mr. Lister Lister-Kaye, of The Manor House, Stretton-on-Dunsmore, was arranged to take place yesterday.—[Photograph by Graham.]

bury, whose second husband was Sir John Ardagh; Cora Countess of Strafford, whose name is now associated with Mr. Kennard; and Constance Countess de la Warr, who married, not many years ago, Mr. Paul Wyatt.

Coronation Ins and Outs. The common practice of retaining a title on remarriage is not always followed. For a year the Marchioness of Anglesey has been Mrs. John Gilliat. She, at least, does not need the Duke's warning; nor, of course, does Mrs. George Cornwallis West, who, as the widow of Lord Randolph Churchill, is not affected one way or another by an address to Peeresses. The sporting Lily Duchess of Marlborough lost her second husband, Lord William Beresford, but did not regain her former rank on that account; on the other hand, Lady Burton, a Peeress in her own right, waived no rights in marrying plain Mr. James Baillie of Dochfour. The lady generally known as the Countess of Cardigan will not be unconcerned with the Earl Marshal's restrictions, for, as a matter of fact, she is not the Countess of Cardigan,



ENGAGED TO THE HON. CLAUD CHICHESTER, THE HON. CLARE WINGFIELD.

Miss Wingfield is a daughter of the Dowager Viscountess Powerscourt. Mr. Chichester is the eldest son of Lord Templemore.—[Photograph by Thomson.]

but the Countess de Lancastre, and the Count de Lancastre was not a Peer of Great Britain or Ireland.

A Nice Point. A further note to the Coronation summons runs, "As to the widows of Peers who have remarried with a Peer of lower degree, their precedence is that of their last husband." There are purists not a few and at least one lady who will seize upon the ambiguity of the phrase. Is "last" used as we use it when we speak of last year, or in the sense of the last of a sequence? The widow, until recently the wife, of Lord Egerton of Tatton,

cellent furniture—now scattered—was housed there, it was a house difficult to better. Under Lord and Lady Essex's rule, also, it is likely to prosper exceedingly. The place is old enough to suggest romances, just as does the Manor House at Wingrave, in Bucks. Lord Essex's eldest son, Viscount Malden, felt the spell. That, perhaps, is why he drove up to the door of the Manor House one day in his motor, helped in the young lady of the house, drove away, married her, and then sent a telegram informing her parents. Seldom is the heir to a great earldom at such pains to carry off a bride.



MARRIED TO MISS EVELYN DRIVER YESTERDAY (TUESDAY): COMMANDER S. F. S. ROTCH, R.N.

Commander Rotch is the eldest son of the late William Dickenson Rotch, barrister-at-law, of Waterloo, Liverpool. [Photograph by Swaine.]



MRS. LISTER LISTER-KAYE (FORMERLY MISS EMILY STARKEY), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY.

Mrs. Lister Lister-Kaye is the second daughter of Mr. J. F. Starkey, of Bodicote House, Banbury. [Photograph by Val L'Estrange.]

the crisis of his illness, Captain Dickson's mind continually dwelt on his work, and the War Office, and what he can do for it. As a theorist, as a practical flyer, and as an officer, Captain Dickson was the man to be of use, if anybody had cared to use him. His knowledge of French alone gave him an advantage in the study of French methods and men. "Charlie" Rolls, it is true, went blissfully on without the gift of languages, but even he knew his disadvantage. Once, when flying over Evreux in a balloon, he "yelled out," in his own words, "through a megaphone, 'Quel est le nom de cette ville?' and read in the next morning's papers that, the night before, there had passed a balloon from which were heard loud cries of distress."

Young Bucks. The Earl of Essex, head of all the Capels, is so far recovered from his illness that he may soon take up his quarters in Bourdon House, Davies Street, Berkeley Square. One of the most interesting of London dwellings, it is particularly responsive to the attention of a learned tenant, and when Miss Leslie's ex-



MRS. SYDNEY ROTCH (FORMERLY MISS EVELYN DRIVER) WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY.

Mrs. Rotch is the only daughter of Dr. F. J. Driver, of Ramillies, Victoria Road, Southsea. [Photograph by Swaine.]

NAMESAKES OF AN 18TH-CENTURY FRENCH MINISTER OF FINANCE.

LIVING SILHOUETTES: "THE THREE MAIDENS FROM SAIS."

"The Three Maidens from Sais" are presenting, at the Hippodrome, a living silhouette turn, dancing and posing. We wonder whether they know that the word "silhouette" owes its being to Etienne de Silhouette, French Minister of Finance in 1759. Silhouette made a number of very economical attempts to reform the finances of France; hence everything believed to be excessively economical was said to be done in the Silhouette style. Further, he was wont to make portraits in the manner of those that now bear his name.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

The Pyschic Drama, as It Was To Be. London playgoers have a kindly feeling towards Mr. Cecil Raleigh, since, from the days when he wrote a clever farce with Mr. R. C. Carton, called "The Great Pink Pearl," he has been author, or part-author, of a great many popular pieces. The latest of them, "The Whip" (now running), is one of the greatest triumphs of Drury Lane.

It is not strange that after being author of so many more or less frivolous pieces he should desire to write something serious. "Behind the Veil," classified as a "psychic drama," is the result. There can be no doubt that he is in earnest—so terribly in earnest that he has laid aside his sprightly humour, an important element in the success of many triumphs at "the Lane." Yet one cannot quite congratulate him on the result of his efforts. We often see that when people endeavour to write a play dealing with some big theme, or exhibiting seriously some important aspect of life, they fail curiously to carry out their intentions, though sometimes these failures are lucrative successes. For instance, we have had "military plays" in which there is nothing military except the clothes and names on the programme, and Mr. Hall Caine writes dramas intended to deal with tremendous themes, a fact that one can discover from the prodigious preliminary "pars," but not from the pieces themselves. Indeed, these themes or subjects, in the end, become mere bits of a plot. The psychic drama at the Coronet obviously was to be a play concerning the so-called occult forces of Nature "Behind the Veil."

As It Was. In fact, the psychic drama took place before the play began, and consisted of the struggles in the soul, or mind, or spirit of a libertine young Anglo-French Prince between the mystic forces of evil, stirred into excitement by his unholy efforts to tear aside the veil, and his good angel; the latter had "come a cropper." So, when we meet him in a convent, he is in full belief that he has superhuman powers of evil, and, in order to demonstrate their existence, announces to the elderly Mother-Superior that he will rejuvenate her. Then, aided by a handy thunder-storm, he expressed his wicked will; and hey, presto! the youthful, pretty heroine took the place of the old lady, and pretended that the miracle was accomplished—to the great satisfaction of this student of Huysmans and Algernon Blackwood. Here came the parting of the ways. Mr. Raleigh might have worked out the situation psychically, but the influence of past work was upon him, and the development was quite melodramatic. We had a duel off the stage, and the hero was wounded; then we found it was considered dangerous for him to discover that he had not really rejuvenated the old lady. After this it was suggested, on the advice of an eminent French physician, that the heroine, whilst posing as the rejuvenated

Mother-Superior, should pretend to be awfully wicked, and so sicken the Prince of his triumph. Why he should be sickened, if really a Satanist, I do not know. So there were dreadful revels of very pretty but naughty young ladies in the Palace of the Prince. In fact, at one time it began to look as if the "psychic" drama would become a "high-kick" drama.

The End. And it ended by the Prince

learning the truth and going to church like a good little boy, and marrying the heroine, who seemed to me to be getting a very bad bargain. Nothing was proved—indeed, no problem was stated; nor was it even shown that it is dangerous to explore the mysteries behind the veil. Apparently the only result of such efforts is that you marry a fascinating young lady as rich as a Rockefeller, or thereabouts. The players did their best. Miss Viva Birkett was charming as the heroine. Mr. Philip Desborough perhaps at times mistook violence for power, and made the mistake of hurling his speeches straight at the audience—speeches, for it is the kind of play in which people do not talk, but make speeches of the good old-fashioned style, into which the players, to use a famous phrase, "can dig their teeth." Still, he really showed a good deal of ability. And Miss Mildred Cottell has an agreeable voice; Mr. Luff delivered one speech excellently; and there was a crowd of pretty girls, each of them burning to distinguish herself without getting an opportunity. The piece is mounted for a run, and the setting hits the mean between distracting splendour and shabbiness. There was one quaint feature, however. A procession of nuns or sisters was introduced in the last act, coming in on the prompt side, passing round a pillar, and disappearing.



"MRS. SKEFFINGTON," AT THE QUEEN'S.
MR. DAWSON MILWARD AS MAJOR SKEFFINGTON AND MISS BERYL FABER AS KATHLEEN LINDSAY.

Only three or four of the ladies were visible at a time, and after about a dozen had passed, the audience got the idea—wrongly, no doubt—that we were seeing a "stage army" of holy ladies, and began to titter, then laughed, then rocked with laughter. In this fact there was evidence that the mystic play had not gripped the house.

The Play Actors. The Play Actors

did not open their season cheerfully at the Court Theatre, but, fortunately, their little mistakes are easily remedied, as their liability is limited to one performance. The play was "The Career of Henry Jones," by Mr. G. L. Mallock, and it would be difficult to imagine anything less inspiring than the career of Henry Jones, who began as a pushing pork-butcher, with a keen eye for advertisement. The great scene of the play was the unveiling of a picture of the hero, seated on a pork-pie and crowned with pork-pies. It was not easy



MR. COSMO HAMILTON'S "MRS. SKEFFINGTON": KATHLEEN LINDSAY IS INTRODUCED TO COLONEL THYNNE AS MAJOR SKEFFINGTON'S WIFE.

To help Mrs. Thynne out of a scrape which Major Skeffington has shared with her, Kathleen Lindsay passes as the Major's wife—his companion at the time of the incident that aroused Colonel Thynne's jealousy. In the end she marries the Major.—[Photographs by Ellis and Watery.]

to discover the object of the author in writing the play. Its incidents and people were too extravagant to allow us to suppose that it was meant to be anything but a wild farce; and its hero was too mean a creature to be a model of self-help for the guidance of the young.

Play Portraits : Famous Rugger Teams.



I.—THE HARLEQUINS.

The Harlequins are one of the best sides in England to watch, for the reason that they show considerable disregard for what may be called football orthodoxy. This drawing is the first of a series which is to be continued from time to time. (See article elsewhere.)

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE SKETCH" BY FRANK GILLETT.

KEYNOTES

THE ART OF YSAËE.

THE return to London of M. Ysaëe, who is to give his second recital at the Queen's Hall this afternoon, provides an excuse for the further consideration of the forces that make for distinction in interpretation. When we hear the great Belgian artist there are two definite convictions enforced by his playing: the first that his equipment is second to none; the second that, as

an interpreter, he stands alone. Other men may persuade their violins to yield a tone almost as full and rich; indeed, between Ysaëe and those who most nearly approach him there is but little to choose in this regard. Where technique is concerned, Ysaëe is too great an artist to flaunt his gifts: his art is the highest, and conceals the means to an end—he could not make a vulgar exhibition if he sought to do so, he is too great a musician—

but the results he obtains are what ambition likes to play just as ambition likes to play it. We spend no small part of the time listening to the music of the valleys; it is only now and again that a great master summons us to the mountain-tops. Small wonder if we cannot always breathe easily in the rarefied atmosphere.

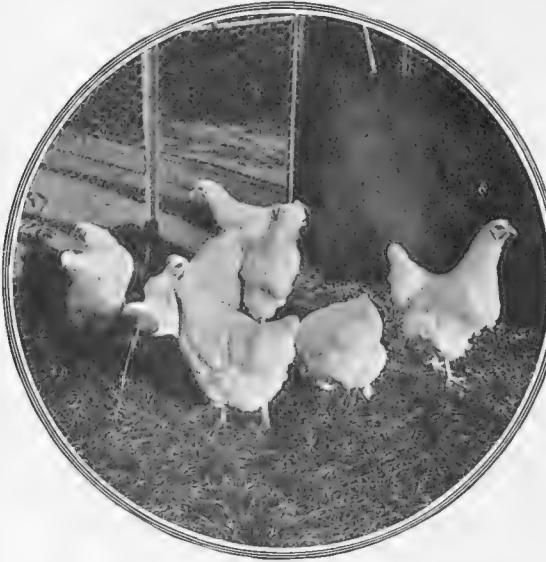
readily is the work he will select. This is the ideal method, and produces the ideal results. Doubtless, when we hear familiar music presented in fashion that varies the accepted formulæ of interpretation in certain regards, there is a great temptation to cavil, to point out that some old player "that in dead years had done delicious things" held different views. This may prove the quality of our memory, but

really vouches nothing for our judgment. The man who lives in a world of beautiful music, whose life is wrapped up in his art, who is constantly studying, and by his study and natural gift is coming nearer and nearer in spirit to the mighty dead whose reputation he labours to preserve or improve, is not unlikely to be a far better judge than we who listen, year in, year out, to the good, the bad, and the indifferent, and must hear what ambition likes to play just as ambition likes to play it. We spend no small part of the time listening to the music of the valleys; it is only now and again that a great master summons us to the mountain-tops. Small wonder if we cannot always breathe easily in the rarefied atmosphere.

There can be no question of genius coming to us fully developed as Pallas Athene sprang from the brain of Zeus. Such a master player as M. Ysaëe is an example of genius and high training in combination; he gives us always of his best, and at a time when exhibitions of mere cleverness are so often mistaken for the outward and visible sign of superlative gifts, his restraint and reticence mark him out for special admiration. He will not stoop to any company, his audience must rise to his level and be content with his sane and sober judgment of what is best. Doubtless he has influenced a few of the younger men who are following on, but the temptation before the virtuoso in times when virtuosity is so highly esteemed and so greatly overrated is a dangerous one; most men succumb to it. Indeed, so far does the habit of playing down to an audience extend, that it would not be hard

to name several soloists of eminence—not necessarily violinists—who have one manner for their public and another for their musical friends: they are like good actors who become "barn-stormers" for a living. It is easier to regret than to condemn, for those who live to please must please to live; but the contemplation of so much insincere work, so much that the executant must know to be meretricious, leaves us profoundly grateful for even the occasional presence in our midst of a master like Eugene Ysaëe.

COMMON CHORD.



LIVING RIVALS TO THE STAGE "CHANTECLER": FAMOUS WHITE ORPINGTONS THAT BELONG TO MME. PADEREWSKI.

Mme. Paderewski is the proud possessor of some of the most expensive poultry in the world. On one occasion she paid no less than 38,000 francs for four birds.

tains would be impossible to anybody who had not mastered every difficulty his instrument can provide. In what, then, does Ysaëe excel—what is the peculiar gift that can reconcile us to the hundredth performance of overplayed pieces like the Bach "Chaconne" or the tiresome concerti of Mr. Max Bruch? How is it that the work, as tedious as a twice-told tale under other hands, gathers fresh store of beauty under his?

The question is well-nigh as hard to answer as it is easy to raise. Interpretative faculty, whether in the landscape-painter, the

PADEREWSKI IN THE HOME THAT WAS FOUCHE'S: THE WORLD-FAMOUS PIANIST AND HIS WIFE AT MORGES.

Photographs by the Record Press.



IN THE PARK OF THE RESIDENCE THAT WAS ONCE FOUCHE'S: M. AND MME. PADEREWSKI AT CASTLE RIOND-BOSSON.

The castle that is now occupied by M. and Mme. Paderewski was once occupied by the Duke of Otranto (Fouche), Napoleon's Minister. Beautiful in itself, it is in beautiful surroundings.



IN THE HARBOUR AT MORGES: M. AND MME. PADEREWSKI OUT FOR A ROW.

others, that may be summed up by the words "interpretative insight." He sees with perfect clearness of vision the intention of the composer whose work he proposes to present; the line of thought, in its first simple form and sequent developments, is before him; he effaces himself; he concentrates all his thought and all his gift upon the composer's ideas, bringing nothing to them, taking nothing away. The world's music is before him, he is free to pick and to choose, and the work to which his own genius responds most

PADEREWSKI, FARMER AND FRUIT - GROWER :
THE GREAT PIANIST AS AGRICULTURIST.



1. SHEEP BELONGING TO M. PADEREWSKI: IN THE PARK BEFORE THE PIANIST'S RESIDENCE, THE CASTLE RIOND-BOSSON.

2. ONCE THE RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON'S MINISTER, FOUCHÉ: THE CASTLE RIOND-BOSSON, NOW OCCUPIED BY M. AND MME. PADEREWSKI.

3. PADEREWSKI AS FRUIT - GROWER: FRUIT - TREES AND DWARF FRUIT - TREES PLANTED BY THE GREAT PIANIST.

4. NE TOUCHEZ PAS! A FINE SHOW OF GRAPES IN ONE OF PADEREWSKI'S HOT-HOUSES.

5. WITH HER MOST VALUABLE POULTRY: MME. PADEREWSKI AND HER WHITE ORPINGTONS.

M. Paderewski, the world-famous pianist, is by way of being a considerable farmer and fruit-grower. In the grounds of the estate that surrounds Castle Riond-Bosson, he farms, and has planted some ten thousand selected fruit-trees, ordinary and dwarf. It will be noted that in his hot-houses is the legend, "Ne touchez pas." Mme. Paderewski is particularly fond of poultry, and four of her white Orpingtons alone cost her 38,000 francs. [Photographs by Record Press.]

MY FIRST APPEARANCE

IX.—MISS LILY BRAYTON.

I REALLY don't know what first made me want to go on the stage, beyond the fact that I was fond of learning poetry and reading Shakespeare. Still, I did want to go on the stage, although I had not seen many plays, for my home was in the little town of Hindley, in Lancashire, where my father had practised for some time as a doctor. For a holiday I was taken to Scarborough, where Mr. F. R. Benson was playing an engagement, and I went to see him in "Hamlet." Curiously enough, that night my husband that was to be, Mr. Asche, was playing the King. When I went home I thought more than ever how lovely it would be to go on the stage, so I wrote a letter to Mr. Benson telling him so, and adding a line about my fondness for poetry and Shakespeare. I hardly expected that he would answer, but a day or two afterwards a letter did come from him, asking me to see him at the theatre. Of course, I went, and I recited to him Queen Katherine's big speech before the Court. When I had finished, Mr. Benson told me I should join the company, but, to my inexpressible regret, he made haste to add that there was no vacancy. Still, he told me that, as soon as there was, he would send for me. I went away very crestfallen, for when I got his letter I quite expected that he would say he would engage me there and then. When I got home, I did not say a word to my mother about having written. A few weeks later, however, when my sister and I were working with our governess my mother entered the schoolroom with an open telegram in her hand. "Can you tell me what the meaning of this is?" she asked, as she put the paper into my hand—"Join the company tomorrow at Manchester, Benson." I had to explain about the letter, my visit to the theatre, and Mr. Benson's promise. My mother was greatly distressed, for she did not know anything about the stage, and therefore mistrusted it. I told her, however, that I felt that the quiet life at home was not suited to me, that I wanted to do something, and I thought I could find my best field on the stage. Looking back, I can see that the firmness of my decision satisfied her, for she put no obstacles in the way, and the next day I went to Manchester to see Mr. Benson. When I got to the stage-door of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, where Mr. Benson was playing, two actors were standing there. When we were engaged, Mr. Asche told me a remarkable thing—that he was one of them, and that, as soon as I had passed through the door, he turned to his friend and said, "That is the girl I am going to marry."

Technically speaking, my first appearance was as a super, for I walked on in "Twelfth Night" the evening of the same day that I arrived in Manchester. In the répertoire of that week were also included "Othello," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Richard II," and I appeared in all of them. It was in the last-named that I spoke my first line as one of the ladies in attendance on the Queen, whom I afterwards played both with Mr. Benson and with Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's. My line was, I believe, "Madam, we will play at bowls." Unimportant as the line was, I think

I felt an importance which has never been equalled even when I have been playing the most onerous leading part. It seemed to me as though I were the only person in the scene, and as if the audience would have its eyes fixed on me alone; while, as a matter of fact, I know that nobody took the slightest notice of me. I have often laughed at myself since, for it shows how delightfully humorous a thing it is to lose one's sense of proportion. For that important part I had no rehearsal, an experience which did not befall me again till long afterwards. Then it was in London, at no less distinguished a theatre than His Majesty's, and in no less distinguished a production than "Herod," by Mr. Stephen Phillips, also an old member of Mr. Benson's company, and I played Marianne without ever having had a rehearsal.

After that week in Manchester I went home again with a promise that I was to return to Mr. Benson definitely. I left home the following Christmas Eve, and journeyed to Holyhead, where it was arranged that I should join the company. On the boat crossing to Dublin Mr. Asche was introduced to me. We went on to Cork, where I might consider my real engagement began, although I was still only playing super parts, at which I was kept about three months. Then, when we went to the Royalty Theatre, Glasgow, I was given my first part—that of the Fairy Queen in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." In most productions, Anne Page speaks the lines, but Mr. Benson always gave them to the Fairy Queen. I had only one rehearsal, and when the performance came I was terribly nervous, for the Fairy Queen speaks her lines standing on Falstaff's back. Falstaff used to be played by the late Mr. George Weir, who was a very short man. I am not a very short woman, and I was terrified lest I should fall off his back in the middle of the speech. Still, the performance went off without any such contretemps. At the end of the week Mr. Benson sent for me and told me he was very pleased with the way I had been working, and gave me the first salary I had ever earned on the stage. It was done up in an envelope, and when I opened it I found that my salary amounted to twenty-five shillings. Before my earning what seemed such wealth, I had been living on an allowance from home. After that, when my salary began, I asked that my allowance should cease; and, happily for me, from the day I received that first salary I have never been out of an engagement. Mr. Benson began by casting me for various little parts, the first of which was Anne Page, which I played a few days after the Fairy Queen. When Mrs. Benson fell ill on one ever-memorable day in Newcastle-on-Tyne, I was told I had to play Ophelia. That night, Miss Ellen Terry was in front. When the performance was over, she sent for me, and the things she said made me a very happy and very proud girl.

After that performance, Mr. Benson engaged me for three years. During that time, we came to the Lyceum, where I had the good fortune to attract the notice of Sir Herbert—then Mr.—Tree. He engaged me, and I remained with him for between three and four years.



IN HER EARLY DAYS AS ACTRESS: MISS LILY BRAYTON.



AS VIOLA, IN 1901: MISS LILY BRAYTON IN "TWELFTH NIGHT,"
AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

LILY BRAYTON.

THE WORM THAT HAD TURNED !



THE UNSUCCESSFUL ANGLER (*bitterly*): I'm not surprised. I always thought those worms tasted rotten myself.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERÉ.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

SECRET SERVICE.*

FEW words run better in couples than "secret" and "service": alone they are commonplaces; together they are fascinating. Sir Robert Anderson need have no fear as to the fate of his book. It is certain that the truths with which he deals are not invariably stranger than the fiction that has to tell of such wonder-men as Arsène Lupin, Raffles, and Sherlock Holmes; but it is none the less a fact that the doings he details rival, if they do not surpass, those of the great adventurers of sixpenny magazine and feuilleton. Secret Service as we encourage it may not be as is that of other lands, but it is every bit as exciting. "In this country we know nothing of Secret Service in the Continental sense of the term. In England the duties thus designated are such as any competent police force would discharge. But with us the expenditure of public money must be open, and subject to audit. In the annual Estimates, therefore, a specified amount is taken for Secret Service; and, as regards this fund, the controlling authority must accept a certificate under the hand of a Secretary of State that it is expended for purposes authorised by the statute in that behalf. Were it not for this no Government could obtain information about conspiracies against the State." All that red tape cannot seal the door so tightly that Romance is unable to enter in. Witness numbers of Sir Robert's experiences.

What could be less governed by "Department" than the movements which prevented the projected "pyrotechnic display in honour of Queen Victoria's Jubilee" which was to have been a dynamite explosion in Westminster Abbey during the historic ceremony that marked the fiftieth year of a great reign? A slip might not only have meant disaster, but have turned a British official into that most abhorred of things, according to our ideas, the *agent provocateur*. Think, too, of the strength of mind needed to prevent indiscretion at a time when the alien and the official in Ireland lived and had his being in fear. There is in Mrs. Charles S. Roundell's diary the following: "After luncheon Lady Spencer asked me to drive in state with her. We drove in a barouche-and-four, with postillions and outriders; an A.D.C. sat opposite to us, with his revolver in his hand under the fur rug; two footmen sat in the rumble behind, each wearing a powerful whistle, hung round his neck by a red cord, and with pistols in a holster by his side; there followed two mounted soldiers, with drawn swords in their hands and pistols in their holsters. In this fashion we drove through some of the principal streets of Dublin." Yet, according to Sir Robert, "even when the Invincibles were on the prowl, these ladies might have driven, or even walked, alone through any street in Dublin."

Secrecy was needed also. "My first Fenian informant," says Sir Robert, "was shot like a dog on returning to New York. In communicating the man's information to Lord Mayo, then Chief Secretary, I gave him the poor fellow's name and some particulars respecting him, and these he passed on to the Lord-Lieutenant as they sat together one evening over the dinner-table at the Viceregal Lodge. A servant happened to be behind the screen which covered the service-door of the dining-room, and he overheard the conversation and repeated it in the servants' hall." And what care and knowledge were needed before the truth could be sifted from the

lie—diplomatic or determined! How many believed that Count D'Orsay died of spine-disease and a carbuncle in the back? Sir Robert, thanks to the break-up of the French Secret Service Department, on the fall of the Empire, learnt from an agent of the Sûreté that, "as a matter of fact, the carbuncle was a euphemism for a bullet aimed at the Emperor" as D'Orsay and he were walking together in the gardens of the Elysée.

Attempted murder reminds one that, "when Mr. Chamberlain visited America in 1896, there was a formidable plot to assassinate him at the house where he was sojourning in Pennsylvania. Facts which came to light convinced the local police of the truth of the information received, and the American authorities deemed it necessary to take very special measures for his protection." Mr. Gladstone had a marvellous escape in April 1893, "when the lunatic Townsend, with a loaded revolver in his pocket, lay in wait for him in Downing Street. A lunatic is often diverted from his purpose as easily as a child; and the man's own explanation of his failing to fire was that the Premier smiled at him when passing into No. 10—a providential circumstance that, for Mr. Gladstone was not addicted to smiling."

To turn to a different subject, it is of far more than ordinary interest to read Sir Robert on the Jack the Ripper scares. "If nonsense were solid, the nonsense that was talked and written about those murders would sink a Dreadnought. The subject is an unsavoury one, and I must write about it with reserve. But it is enough to say that the wretched victims belonged to a very small class of degraded women who frequent the East-End streets after midnight . . . one need not be a Sherlock Holmes to discover that the criminal was a sexual maniac of a virulent type; that he was living in the immediate vicinity of the scenes of the murders; and that, if he was not living absolutely alone, his people knew of his guilt, and refused to give him up to justice. . . . The conclusion we came to was that he and his people were certain low-class Polish Jews; for it is a remarkable fact that people of that class in the East End will not give up one of their number to Gentile justice. And the result proved that our diagnosis was right on every point. For I may say at once that 'undiscovered murders' are rare in London, and the 'Jack the Ripper' crimes are not within that category. And if the police here had powers such as the French

police possess, the murderer would have been brought to justice. . . . I will only add here that the 'Jack the Ripper' letter which is preserved in the Police Museum at New Scotland Yard is the creation of an enterprising London journalist. Having regard to the interest attaching to this case, I am almost tempted to disclose the identity of the murderer and of the Pressman who wrote the letter above referred to; but no public benefit would result from such a course, and the traditions of my old department would suffer. I will merely add that the only person who had ever had a good view of the murderer unhesitatingly identified the suspect the instant he was confronted with him; but he refused to give evidence against him. In saying he was a Polish Jew, I am merely stating a definitely ascertained fact."

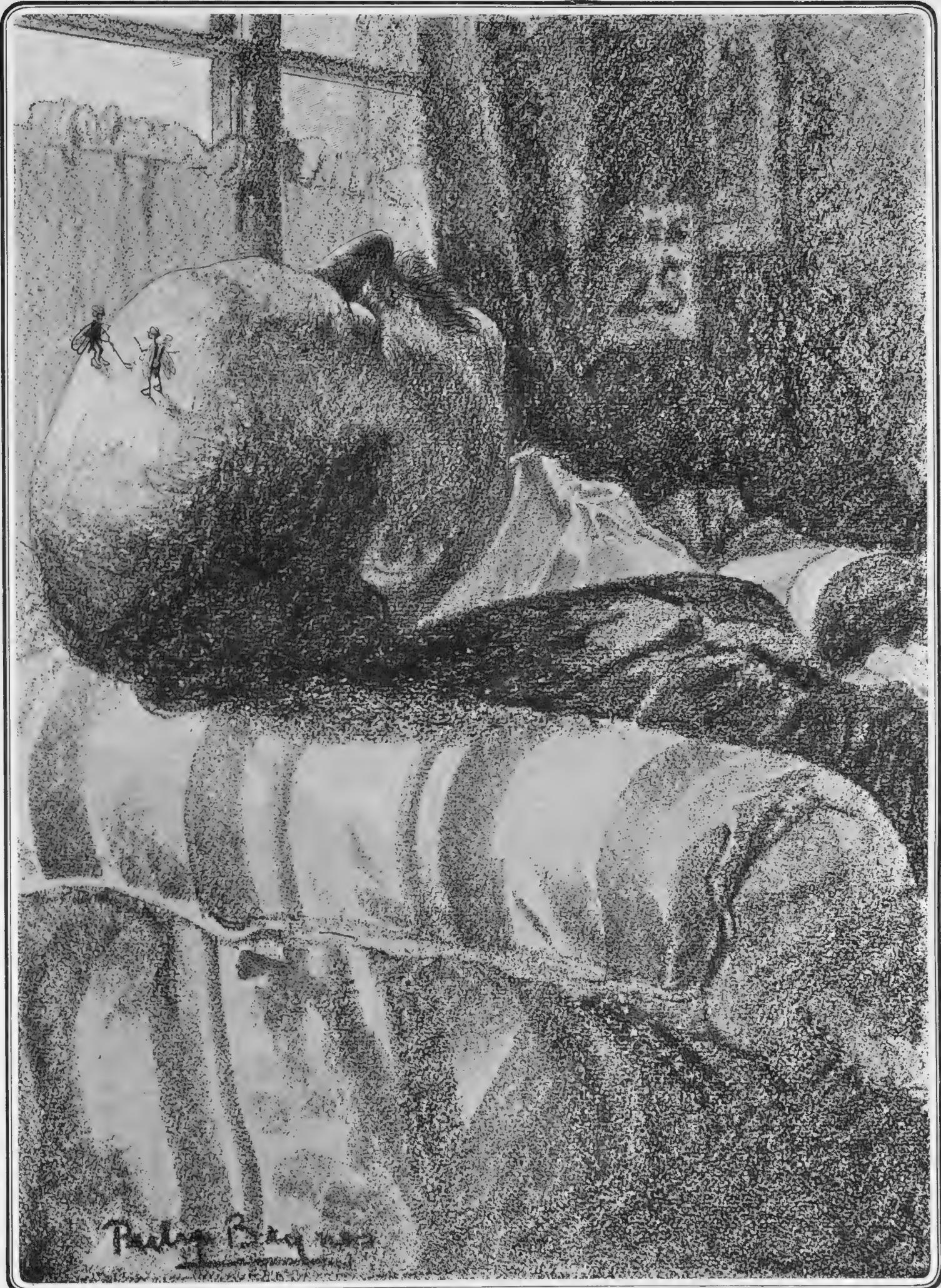
None need take up Sir Robert Anderson's book without anticipating much entertainment; none will put it down without regret that it is not longer, without desire to see its author's promised "Graver Reminiscences" at a very early date.



WRITER OF "THE LIGHTER SIDE OF MY OFFICIAL LIFE"
SIR ROBERT ANDERSON.

Photograph by Adolphus Tear; Reproduced from the book by Courtesy of the Publishers.

DORMY ONE !



THE FIRST FLY GOLFER (*to his friend*) : My dear fellow, you can't think how they've improved these links since last year ; you don't lose a ball every stroke now, since they've widened the course and the green. And still no green-fees !

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE GIFT OF SLEEP.

By HERBERT SHAW.

B RANGWYN stayed late at the office, as he had stayed many times in the last seventeen years ; but this time he stayed on no business of the Muir Watson Syndicate, but on a purely private matter. No foot but that of the watchman of the third floor troubled the long stone corridors, and the windows that looked out upon the yard that was the bottom of a giant well saw nothing but dark and emptiness there. Even the watchman was quiet now, snug in his little cubby-hole at the far corner, wondering whether, when the man who stayed had at last gone, he might dare to indulge in that utterly forbidden thing—just a dozen whiffs from a pipe, tightly screened behind his hand. The cleaner had given Brangwyn up after long waiting, and left the work of his room till the early morning.

Once the watchman heard Brangwyn leave his room. He did not budge from his cosy seat in his well-warmed cupboard, or he would have seen him stand for quite a while, looking steadily at the ghostly showing of the windows on the opposite side of the well (on the brink of the finish of his plan he was completely a madman, and they looked to him like a huge, dead lighthouse) or down into the black of the well itself, three storeys below, that to-morrow would rattle and be alive once more with the clamour of many carts and the shouting of men. Brangwyn, standing in the long coffin of the corridor, had two thoughts then.

The first was that it would be a very pretty thing to see big and heavy Muir Watson go crashing down from where he stood, at the middle of the day, while stupefied men who watched from below cried out in fear and knew not what they cried. . . . That way would certainly have been better for some things, but more risky to himself. In affairs of murder you cannot have truly spectacular effects (with audience) without paying the market price. This was exactly what Brangwyn was determined to avoid. So that his second thought was simply as to what would happen if his own plan failed. Then he himself (the window outside the board-room raised in readiness) would hear that blurred shouting of men as he fell—if a man did hear anything at all during such adventures.

He wondered as he went back into the room of his achievement, and then was perfectly and serenely certain that there could be no failure at all. Long before this time to-morrow Muir Watson would be dead, and the hastily summoned doctor would talk about the cardiac failure that was common to weighty men.

His fingers stopped their devil's tattoo upon the glass, and he went back into the room that was Muir Watson's own, with the shaded lamp and the light from the heaped fire—Brangwyn had been a cold mortal this last two hours—shining comfortably on the wood of the desk fittings and the sectional bookcases round the wall. Here his work was now done, but a big sense of power and the avenging of personal wrong fascinated him, and he shivered to think of the damp London streets where men hastened to their childish amusements . . . ordinary men who could never have imagined the splendid scheme of killing he had wrought. He looked fixedly at the telephone that enshrined his craft. Above it hung the little framed card with the phrase that had ridden his brain till at last the fine way for his purpose had come to him.

Having already, as it were, taken his enemy's life, it pleased him to read the thing aloud, while the shadows jumped on the wall. It was Stevenson's prayer for the business man. Muir Watson might be shady at times, as those who hated him said often enough, but he himself would have told you that was all in the fighting game—and in a rough, general way he believed in the creed of the right thing. Brangwyn read aloud—

"Let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely about our business all this day ; bring us to our resting-beds weary and content and undishonoured, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. . . ."

The gift of sleep was made ready for Muir Watson, and Brangwyn was the maker of it, in such fashion that to-morrow it would just happen that Watson would be asleep so that none could wake him, and he himself would pursue life unsuspected and unafeard.

His voice, on the last three words of the framed prayer, finished with a strange little throb of exultation. Passing into his own room, he thought once more over the laid plan. It would be most inconsiderate of his employer, he reflected, if the latter allowed any unpleasant sounds of his death-moments to penetrate the tight baize door between the two rooms. Once again his mind hunted for flaws, and found only one of consequence. That was the chance that, at the moment, some friend of Watson's might come to look

him up—one of his few friends with the right of direct entry, from the corridor, through the door marked "Strictly Private."

The clerks in the furthest room of all were perfectly safe. They had to pass through the room in which he stood, as did all ordinary callers. The thought was annoying, but something had to be risked. It was a thousand-to-one chance, after all . . . over the whole of the past week only one visitor had reached to Watson's room without first seeing Brangwyn. He called himself a fool to worry about this remote possibility . . . he knew it was all plain : he would simply go into Watson's room, find Watson dead, see to the telephone, and then rush out for the clerks, horrified, to send them running for a doctor.

This way the matter in dispute between himself and Muir Watson (of which Watson knew nothing, by the way), would be satisfactorily settled and common justice satisfied.

It was a straightforward case of mere human equalities. Brangwyn, thinking of his B.A. and B.Sc.—this was just after he had first joined Watson, and before the scientific mind of Brangwyn had been utilised to the success of many commercial enterprises—was pleasantly conscious that the whole thing could be well put down as a mathematical problem, with x as the right thing to be done. Mathematical problems have no concern with moral right or wrong.

Neither, therefore, had Brangwyn, at this time. Mrs. Brangwyn, the doctors said, must die. Things had gone too far, and nothing could save her now. There might be pain, a stupid difficulty about breathing . . . there would certainly be the continuing of that cough. If she had been able to go away directly the thing was known, somewhere high up (you can see the posters outside Cook's, in the dull clamminess of a bad day in the Strand, and it is not so very far—with money), the good, dry air of the mountains would have been as the wine of life to her. They said, the doctors who know, that it would have made all the difference.

But . . . there had been no money. Brangwyn had put the money by, right enough ; and, finally, two years before, had put the lot of it through the slot of that most dignified money-box known to Broad Street and the readers of the daily papers as Consolidated Copper, Limited. There were no swell titled heads on this, nothing to lure with the tale of profits in a day. It was simply . . . good business.

But on the day that Brangwyn had walked to the office thinking about a good holiday for himself and his wife, and pondering (curious freak) upon Switzerland, the newsboys had come running up the Strand—"Three-thirty winner. Big Smash in the City—Pa-a-eper!"

After that came the first visit to the doctor, by a man who was poor and a woman who was sick. Then separation, and the upsetting, it seemed, of all the thoughts and dreams of seventeen years. Six months before to-night, too, as a crown on the head of vast and painful darkness, of the mind, Brangwyn had found what he had not known before. The man behind Consolidated Copper, the real destroyer and thief, was big Muir Watson, the hard man but the always just, as Brangwyn had known him.

The mathematical problem was there plain. Indeed, the advantage, all finished, was with Watson, for he would die practically without pain. In that House for the Dying in the North of London, where, unknowing mostly, the marked given-ups go, his wife would have discomfort before death came. All this had been thrashed out and judged upon, and justified, before Brangwyn's nights had been busy with the making of the telephone.

The telephone was, from an absolutely outside point of view, a rather creditable achievement. B.Sc. dragged out the old textbooks ; B.A. said "yes" to this scheme, and "no" to that, before the two of them finally shook satisfied hands. Man Brangwyn, hearing what each had to say, held always the casting vote, and had continually to remind the too impetuous B.Sc. that the top dog of, say, the Central Criminal Court would be certain to have little appreciation of the cleverest little exercise in Applied Science if that exercise were directed to the accomplishment of murder. He would have liked something really effective and showy, himself, said Brangwyn at these conferences ; but with most of those which enthusiastic B.Sc. at first suggested a nasty picture of strapped arms and a dismal walking from a special cell flickered before his eyes. The one real test of cleverness in these undertakings, he argued with B.Sc., was to escape the usual result. So, method by method put forward and rejected, they narrowed down to the idea of the telephone that was now complete.

[Continued overleaf.]

This receiver of his own making lay horizontal on the two hooks, as did the one it had displaced. But the circumference of the tube between earpiece and mouthpiece was an eighth of an inch larger, and the section behind the mouthpiece that contains the microphone was also larger than usual—over this Brangwyn and B.Sc. together had spent much loving care.

As it lay horizontal now upon the hooks, it was just the well-known instrument, ready to hand for the quick business man. But when Muir Watson lifted it off the hooks in the morning at a call, and held it vertically (or at an angle) to his ear and his mouth, a little catch lifted of itself, and allowed a leaden pellet to run down to the enlarged chamber behind the mouthpiece. There lay a cunningly blown bulb, sealed, of thin glass. The pellet broke the glass, and let loose highly concentrated vapour of tetra-chloride, with which the even more poisonous disulphide of carbon was mixed, and Watson's heavy clean-shaven mouth would receive the swift evaporation. He would faint—if it did not happen at once, as was quite probable—and fall forward from his chair. That would of a certainty settle things, with the weight of the filthy vapour falling and spreading low. Brangwyn, the door of his own room locked against the clerks, would then come in and open the windows, and light the joss sticks (on either side of the mantelpiece in the slender bronze vase) of which Watson was so fond. Perhaps there would be a little setting of the scene wanted . . . possibly Watson would look better back in his chair. For some time he had been practising in the lifting of heavy things.

The scene skilfully set, he would give the alarm. Brangwyn reviewed all this as a most praiseworthy scheme as the District jolted him to West Kensington. There was not the usual patient little letter from his wife. Perhaps she knew by now what others had known so long.

The clock over the picture-shop at the corner of Savoy Street told Brangwyn he was three-quarters of an hour late. His nerve had crumpled a little as he sat at breakfast, after a night of sound sleep, and he had half hoped that everything would have happened by the time he reached the office, and that there would be nothing for him to do. Also he had spent an hour in making up a big wood fire and heaping upon the top all the contents of the wooden case that had held the ingredients of his unpatented new telephone.

But the man in the lift gave him his usual greeting, and for the twenty-fifth time that morning said it was time (if you called it a Government) that they gave someone else a chance. And Muir Watson, coming from his room, met him in the passage, and hurried to the staircase with a brief word that he would be back soon . . . an important appointment. Brangwyn began methodical operations for drafting advertisements for the Twentieth Century Filament, outlining the sure proof that it saved twenty per cent. on lighting bills. Presently he stopped to wonder why Watson had looked so queerly at him as he went by in the passage.

As he could find no satisfactory answer, except that it was because of his being late, it was, logically, foolish to bother about it, and he went on with his work. Watson would not be playing the game at all fairly if he stopped out half the day, for he, Brangwyn, maker of the gift of sleep, had reckoned on no such unknown factor, in view of Watson's usual solid regularity in business hours. Unless he hurried back soon, this hanging about, said Brangwyn to the drawing of the new electric lamp, would put him off his stroke. He would get shaky, and perhaps would not be able to lift him comfortably from the floor, after all the trouble he had taken in his experiments for that purpose.

Holding himself tightly, rejecting everything from his mind till Watson should return, he set to work again. He had shown the excellence of the new lamp by a little table of candle-power figures, and had written about two hundred words of write-up, when the telephone-bell in his own room rang. He jumped before he left his chair to answer it . . . there was only one use for telephones till this morning was through.

The very manner of the first words, quick and direct—a little excited, Brangwyn fancied—showed at once that this was no ordinary business call. "Yes; I'm Brangwyn. . . . What is it?"

For the first words had been simply "Mr. Brangwyn?" a tense question for speedy confirmation. The next words were the name of the speaker; and the name was that of the doctor-in-charge at the home where Brangwyn's wife sat about upon balconies, and slept by open windows, in the process of her slow dying.

"I've important news," spoke the telephone. "And a message from your wife."

"I'm listening."

Nothing more came that was capable of translation by the wrought brain of the man who held the receiver. Instead there was just a warm impotent buzzing, as from a great pit where many voices at once roared to Brangwyn foul messages that nothing could change into human speech. He felt himself totally sick and useless for the space of a century, till the voice of the girl in the private exchange of the building spoke like a real world again.

"There's something wrong with your instrument. Will you go to Mr. Watson's telephone, please? I've put you through."

Strangely, it was not the thought of the choking tetra-chloride vapour that was with Brangwyn as the receiver dropped and he stood irresolute, but the old flickering vision of the strapped arms and the dreadful walk of a few yards or so in the raw of a winter morning. Then that seemed far preferable; and he drove through the door into

Watson's room and stood trembling, seeing the big red fire, the shining on the book-cases, and the framed prayer above the telephone that he had made. Remembering that there was something his wife wished to tell him, he stumbled by the table so blindly that the sharp corner bruised his thigh, and snatching up the receiver from the hooks, with a quick turn to the right and round, brought it upside down, the mouthpiece above his head. That way, naturally, the catch would not work: the unbroken glass bulb was up, not down where the leaden ball could run to smash it. His head bent back, he shouted to the mouthpiece over him.

An angry man spoke at the other end, and said he could hear nothing. If Brangwyn's voice had been well under control he might have managed it after all, but his shouting was a babble. "I want Mr. Brangwyn, and nobody else will do!" came, repeated twice. "Is that Mr. Brangwyn? If not, I'll ring off."

Past all despair, Brangwyn brought the mouthpiece round to its proper position, and immediately felt the poisonous vapour wrapping him, and found his voice clear and steady, as if he had been fixing an appointment for lunch. It was hardly a minute before he had the story which was to be his end. For once the doctors had been wrong. Zarust of Vienna, called in at the instance of somebody unnamed, had come to England and tried his new discovery upon Brangwyn's wife. It was certain that she would live, and not only that, but she would completely recover in time. There was added something half-technical, which Brangwyn listened to with close attention. Perhaps he would be up during the day to see his wife . . . the speaker need not say how heartily he congratulated him.

To this Brangwyn deliberately chose fitting words of thanks. A moment's pause. "Dick, I'm so glad. . . ." This was from his wife, wheeled up on her chair to the instrument—as a surprise. But this was not to be endured, and as Muir Watson pushed open the door from the passage the telephone went back against the wall.

"Anything fresh? I say, you're looking pretty seedy, Brangwyn. You've been overdoing it. . . ." Brangwyn's hands moved on the table; the fingers opened and shut very slowly, as though a string were pulling them. He looked up with eyes that were tired out, and shifted his tongue about his lips. The taste was certainly most unpleasant. If he had tried the damnable stuff on a dog he would never have dreamed of going on with it.

"I've got something new, anyway, Brangwyn. You're a stupid old ass, you know, though you've been a damned good card to me, and I don't know what I should have done without you. If you'd had any sense you'd have let me into your worries, and saved me no end of trouble. As it is, I've had to find things out by myself."

"Would—you—mind—?" began Brangwyn very slowly; but Watson pulled him up.

"What do I mean? Is that it? Well, why didn't you tell me about your missus, like a sensible chap? I ferreted it all out, bit by bit, from the day you began to go off colour. And at last I fixed up with the biggest pot at the whole game—some German Johnny or other—and they tell me in a letter this morning that he's done the trick to rights. I wouldn't tell you before, in case it was all no good. Then I found out that you were one of those who had struck a rock on Consolidated Copper. I buckled into that, and now little double C is as right as rain, and you'll get a sight more than two-and-sevengreen a share. If you don't believe me, have a look at this afternoon's paper and the *Financial News* to-morrow to make sure. It was only a temporary drop, and I would have told you if you had ever told me yourself you were in the job. As you didn't, I made up my mind to spring it on you when I had got things fixed. You'd better take the missus for a long holiday—you're looking like ten a penny and no buyers. I can't afford to lose you. Been using the new telephone?"

"Yes?" questioned Brangwyn, and knew it to be his last word. He had been dully wondering why he had held out so long. He knew the strength of the thing right through.

"I've had a chap in two or three times with a new telephone dodge that makes you hear a thousand per cent. clearer, or some such lie. I let him go ahead this morning, before you turned up, more to get rid of him than anything else. He cut the whole shoot right away and I made him fling it in the fire straight off, so's I could see it burn. It did burn, too; and, what's more, it exploded and made no end of a glorious stink the second it struck a coal. It was like a regular firework rag, and they didn't teach me that about electricity in the science class at school. I told him when he put up the fresh instrument that if his new patent ever did the same thing, I'd make him refund his bill, with something added for the shock to the nerves. What's the matter, man?"

Watson used to say afterwards, when the firm was booming more than ever, and Brangwyn was fertile with new ideas that meant much money for them both, that Brangwyn's brain went at that very minute, the result of long-continued overwork and strain. For Brangwyn, now gripping the edge of the table, sat bolt upright, and babbled, with half-a-dozen halts, the words of Stevenson's prayer. Only at the last of it did he speak without halting. The final phrase came in a mechanical, foolish rush—

" . . . Bring us to our resting-beds weary and content and undishonoured, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. . . ."

The gift was Brangwyn's own, certainly; for at the end of this recitation he tumbled forward. They got him to a rough bed, and called in a doctor. Brangwyn slept through a day and a night, and the next day, and when he woke London was hastening theatre-ward once more, and the sleeper was cured and happy and sane.

WHY NOT CRICHTON?



THE VISITOR: What are you going to call him?

THE FOND MOTHER: I don't know yet; his father calls him something different every night.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Derby. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild owns in Pietri a colt that is very likely to become winter favourite for the Derby of 1911. He is said to possess a kink in his temper, and may turn out to be a second Neil Gow. Mr. Leopold has a second string to his bow in St. Anton, own brother to Fop and to Santa Fina. He is a very smart colt, and, what is more, he is very likely to develop into a stayer. Lord Derby has a very nice candidate in King William, who could be made a lot better than he was when he dead-heated with Phryxus for the Dewhurst Plate. Unfortunately, Seaforth is not in the Derby, but he could run for the Two Thousand Guineas, St. Leger, and the Grand Prix de Paris. By-the-bye, 543 entries were received for the last-named race, which is surely a record for any classic race in any country. His Majesty the King has four colts left in. These are Juggernaut, Devil's Dyke, Dorando, and colt by Florizel II.—Meadow Chat. I am afraid the royal colours will not be carried very prominently, although I was told some time ago that Dorando was very likely to become a useful animal. He is by Cyllene—Nadejda. If Mr. John Corlett is to win the Derby it will be with X, a colt by Ugly—Mme. d'Amour. I am afraid "the Master" will know the real meaning of X's by the time the race has been run. Lord Rosebery has two very ordinary colts left in; these are Cato and Sallust. I take it that if Mr. Fairie decides to run either Cyllius or Phryxus it will be the former. Prince Palatine, owned by Mr. Pilkington, is very likely to grow into a nice colt. He is by Persimmon—Lady Lightfoot, and is good-looking enough for anything. It would be a grand thing if the King were to win the Blue Ribbon of the Turf in the year of his Coronation, but I am afraid he has no horse good enough. Of course, under his agreement, Maher would have to ride Lord Rosebery's best.

Frauds. Luckily, the law is strong enough to punish men who attempt to back winners after the result has become known. I wonder the starting-price bookmakers do not combine to prevent these frauds happening. They could protect themselves in a measure by refusing to accept more than infinitesimal amounts if telegraphed less than five minutes before the start. As Mr. Justice Bucknill said the other day, backing winners after they have won is a very old dodge. But there are other dodges that should be stopped. I maintain that a rule should be passed to prevent an owner from getting his winnings if he backed his horse away from the course. Racing depends in the main for its existence at the present time on the power of the democracy; and if the

little punter has to back his fancy on the course, the owner should be placed in the same position, and be compelled to start fair. What should we think of, say, the Duke of Westminster, or Lord Rosebery, or Mr. Leopold de Rothschild if they were mixed up with starting-price coups? Why, it would positively shock the lot of us! Owners bet at starting price away from the course simply because they want

to gain an unfair advantage on their brother sportsmen, and it is nonsense to drag in the bookmaker when touching on this particular phase of the subject, as he is only the money-changer; but sportsmen are only too anxious that the starting-price bookmaker should protect himself for the protection of us all. It is a painful fact that the stables that are fond of engineering starting-price coups are not the stables that the public like to follow.

Jockeys. It would be safe to suggest that Frank Wootton will be at the head of the winning-jockey list at the end of the flat-race season; but his average is not likely to be anything like so good as Maher's. The American jockey has been in wonderful form throughout the season. Maher is a man of wonderful nerve, and he displays marvellous judgment in his riding. Like Martin, he

keeps himself in form the year through, and during the winter months he works really hard at bob-sledding, curling, or hunting. Maher is of an extremely happy disposition, and, win or lose a race, he always wears a smile. Those dining-room critics who blamed him when Bayardo was beaten by Magic at Goodwood did not know that the Manton-trained candidate was undoubtedly a bit off colour on that day. Who but Maher could have got that arch-rogue Lagos home at Newmarket the other day? And who but he could have dead-heated with Neil Gow at Sandown? I hope the American will be able to give us a show of his best form for many years to come, as he is undoubtedly a great attraction with racegoers.

Every word that has been said about Maher might be repeated in the case of Frank Wootton, who for his age is a perfect masterpiece. He is as quick as lightning in grasping a situation, and he rides to win every time. It is to be hoped that he will be able to keep his weight down without having to resort to the Turkish bath. It is sad to think that an American and an Australian lead in the jockey list. Many of the English jockeys riding at the present time are very moderate actors;

some of them sit up too late at night, and they think more about cards than they do about their profession.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



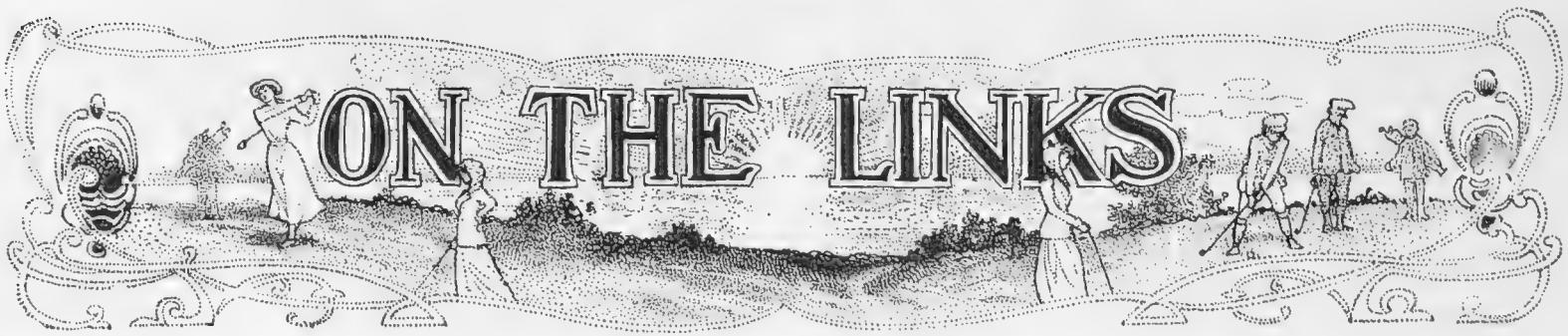
RACING UNDER ITS OWN COLOURS! A ZEBRA TAKES A "FENCE" IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA.



A MEET OF THE MEATH AT KILLEEN CASTLE: THE EARL OF FINGALL, THE MASTER, AND THE COUNTESS OF FINGALL.

Arthur James Plunkett, 11th Earl of Fingall, was born in 1859, and succeeded to the title in 1881. Five years ago he was Master of the Horse to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He married Elizabeth Mary, daughter of George Edmund Burke, of Danesfield, County Galway, in 1883. His elder son, Lord Killeen, is fourteen.

Photograph by Topical.



BY HENRY LEACH.

Fireside Study. We are now going straight down into the winter section of the golfing season, and such is the splendid encouragement of the game, we are happy in the prospect. It is an all-the-year-round pastime, and if it is easier and more comfortable to pursue it in the summer time, there are thousands of people who will tell you that they play more in the winter, and feel it to be necessary to do so. And if you have the right temperament for the game, and feel some joy in overcoming great difficulties—chiefly those made for you by the weather—there is a vast amount of delight to be obtained from golf in the winter. Still, we have to relinquish clubs soon after four o'clock now, and there are evenings to kill, and firesides, among other places, to kill them at; wherefore the serious and contemplative golfer commonly takes himself to the overhauling of his clubs, a consideration of his recent methods, and perchance a close study of some books. There are many who do this latter, and profit by it. Winter is certainly the time for book-learning in golf. I was playing with a man last week who said he had just laid in three volumes of instruction, and during the dark and wet season he was going through them a chapter every night, and had elaborated a very fine system of study by which he was going to get the very best out of it. He was never going to pursue any of these researches into the mysterious depths of the game, guided by the great professors who have won many championships, without having two clubs leaning by the side of his chair, a wooden one and an iron, so that whenever a grip or anything of that kind was described he could on the moment take a club in his hand in the manner that was indicated, and then in due course stand up and swing it as advised.

Cultivating Ideas. Some people say that you cannot learn anything from golf-books, but that is most obvious nonsense. If the study of the teaching of the masters does nothing else, it stirs up new ideas in the mind of the reader, and ideas are everything in golf. There are thousands of players who have certainly doubled the quality of their game by being brought to think more about it, and, through reading in this way, practise systems they would never have dreamt of; and there is also the case of a certain eminent member of Parliament, who is just about as good as any player at Westminster—is one who is a match for any amateur when he is on his best game—who taught himself entirely from

books at the beginning, and, it is said, made a close study of them for some time before ever he went out on to the links with a club in his hand. One of the things to be guarded against in a course of golf reading and study is the mixing up of different professors' ideas and methods. There is no right way and wrong way of doing anything in golf.

Really any method is right which brings about the desired result so long as the laws of the game are not infringed; and the teachers have different ways of their own of doing the same thing.

Reading the Rules. I was thinking, however, that at the beginning of this fireside season of reading it would be a good thing to carry out that old resolution of making a close study of the laws of the game, so that you will never again be in doubt as to what to do in any particular contingency. I do not really believe that one player in a hundred has ever read the rules of the game right through from the beginning to the end, and

that not one in a thousand has closely studied them and realised the full meaning of each one, and also applied to it the numerous decisions on special cases that have been made by the Rules Committee at St. Andrews. It is all the more necessary to make some study of the rules just now, because certain of them which have been almost forgotten during the summer will now come in for frequent application, such as the rules for casual water. The majority of players are still in some uncertainty, according to my experience, as to what exactly they may and may not do when a ball lies in casual water through the green, in a bunker, or on the putting-green.

Stating the different cases as briefly as possible and without some of the trimmings which St. Andrews finds it necessary to apply to each one, you may pick out and drop without penalty through the green, under penalty of one stroke from a bunker or other hazard (the ball may be dropped either in the bunker or behind it); while on the putting-green, when the ball is either in casual water or a patch of the same is in the straight line between the ball and the hole, the ball may be moved backwards or sideways, but not nearer the hole, and placed by hand on the green in are important differences. Also, there is a large proportion of players who are not aware that, if their ball sinks in this water—as so many do in these days—and is lost, it is not a lost hole in match-play. Another may be dropped or placed, according to the nature of the case, just as if the ball had been floating.



SIX THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE SEA: THE GOLF LINKS AT MALOJA.



THE HIGHEST GOLF LINKS IN EUROPE: THE COURSE AT MALOJA.

Maloja is in the Engadine, and the locality called Maloja extends from the west end of the Lake of Sils to the summit of Maloja or Maloggia. The inhabitants speak Italian.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Different Londons.

Those Britons who are not Londoners by birth—especially the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh—usually have more definite impressions of our bewildering capital than those of us who are born within sound of Big Ben. We are so accustomed to the idiosyncrasies of the huge town, to the characteristics of its different neighbourhoods, that their special atmosphere often eludes us. "What do we know of London," indeed, "who only London know?" One must have a sense of detachment, of aloofness, before one can, possibly, seize its peculiar charm, its special humour. A novelist who, being from north of the Tweed, appreciates the niceties of our different *quartiers*, is Miss Macnaughtan, and she makes her latest honest Scots heroine thus describe certain parishes familiar to all of us: "Chelsea meant sham panelling in the dining-room, picture hats, fumed oak, art magazines, and no church." Queen's Gate, she declares, is characterised by "regular church-goers, Jackson's 'Te Deum'; long-mourning, widows perform suttie; father in the City; family landau; sons marry early." Mayfair, again, is addicted to High Church, "dines at 8.30, indulges in maids and footmen, and is smart, but not always comfortable." These pertinent sketches might be added to by some such thumbnail dicta as—"Hampstead: Houses, white inside and out; Socialism, cranks, the New Thought, 'Reformers'; holidays in caravans or Martello-towers." "Regent's Park: Humanitarian, slightly Anglo-Indian, furniture of the eighteen-eighties, travels to Italy or the Dolomites, dull dinner-parties, no divorce."



(Copyright.)

THE FUR OF THE SNOW-WHITE WEASEL WHICH SYMBOLISES THE PURITY OF THE LAW: A STOLE AND MUFF OF ERMINE. (For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

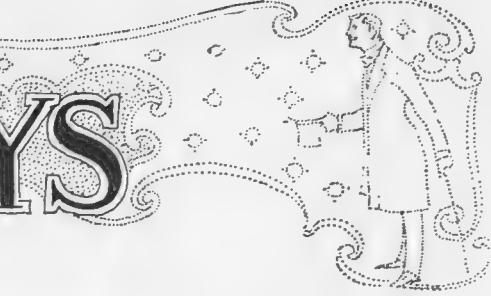
Kleider'; holidays in caravans or Martello-towers." "Regent's Park: Humanitarian, slightly Anglo-Indian, furniture of the eighteen-eighties, travels to Italy or the Dolomites, dull dinner-parties, no divorce."

The Psychology of the Girl-Child. There is an amazing study of the psychology of the budding girl in the new book by the author of "Maurice Guest." It leaves one, indeed, "furiously thinking," so complicated a creature does Mr. Richardson show the modern "flapper" to be. The story, moreover, is laid in Australia, and the principal scenes in a girls' college in Melbourne—an institution which does not, by-the-bye, give us a pleasing impression of Colonial educational methods, any more than the pictures of social life under the Southern Cross. Yet what is clearly proved in "The Getting of Wisdom" is the fact that in every feminine heart there is enshrined the spirit of Romance. Every one of these chits of fourteen, unless she is hopelessly stolid and unimaginative, must have—if she wishes to keep the esteem of her contemporaries—a more or less lively love-affair. If she has not, she must invent one. At least, so thinks the sensitive and romancing Laura, and to this end she invents an atrocious scandal about a blameless and ambitious parson at whose house she goes to pay a visit. The charge is proved to be false, and the outraged schoolgirls, who have batten on her story, turn and rend her. This child of romance is depicted, on the last page, as running out into the wide world without her hat or a penny to her fortune. She is the type of the "adventuress," and the author of "Maurice Guest" has shown, in her delineation, extraordinary knowledge of the least agreeable side of human nature.

The Gay Days of Disraeli.

It is extraordinary how early in life the young Disraeli began to make his mark and dazzle the town. Before he was twenty-two—like one of his own heroes—he was already a dandy, a person to be reckoned with, the organiser of a great newspaper, a novelist with a reputation, a complete ensnarer of hearts. It is true he was handsome—and that in an odd and unusual way—and that he was as witty and imaginative in his conversation as the ordinary bovine Anglo-Saxon is the reverse. And then, he began early. Instead of betaking himself to one of those charming hot-houses for growing the plants of egotism and mutual admiration—to wit, the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge—he was articled to a solicitor at seventeen, and set to work to learn, not only the law, but humanity and the great world of London. Those indeed were the days of the Very Young Man. Byron was a European celebrity in his early twenties, and it was not so long since William Pitt had dominated the world's politics at the blushing age of twenty-five. The habit of sending our young men late to the Universities, and keeping them in a state of tutelage till they are four-and-twenty, has made us look upon men of this age as boys who are, as yet, of small account. It often happens that a girl hardly out of her teens is a finished woman of the world, while her brother—however clever and charming—is still a shambling youth, terrified of a lady and timorous at entering a drawing-room. The eighteen-twenties and thirties must have been the golden age of youth, not only in London, but in Paris, where revolutionary ideas in politics, art, and literature were afloat, and it was the youngest lion whose roar was chiefly listened to—at any rate, by those makers of reputations, the women of the great world.

A Zoologist. Woman's chief vocation, according to Mr. Runciman, is to be a careful and painstaking zoologist. She has, in effect, he declares, "to be a natural historian in the den of the most complicated and difficult animals in the world." Quite true. But it is a tribute to her sagacity that, at any rate, she studies her domestic animals in a broad and tolerant spirit, with the result that what Woman doesn't know about Man is hardly worth knowing; whereas Man approaches the study of Woman from an absurdly sentimental and prejudiced standpoint, so that, as a class, he is by no means the accomplished zoologist which his feminine belongings have become.



A GRACEFUL WALKING COSTUME OF BLACK VELVET, WITH SHORT COAT AND BELT FASTENED DOWN ONE SIDE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



(Copyright.)



A Lovely Princess. Many friends in this country heard with deepest regret that Princess Pless was seriously ill. Her childhood and girlhood were spent among us, and her beautiful face and figure, high spirits, and sweet nature made her a great favourite. She married, when she was just over eighteen, Prince Henry of Pless, who was then secretary to the German Embassy and heir to the great estates in Silesia to which he has since succeeded. The Princess could ride anything, drive a team, fish or shoot, and, her disposition being as sunny as her hair, she brightened things wherever she went. When her younger sister married the Duke of Westminster, it was considered that Mrs. Cornwallis-West had scored great successes with her girls. King Edward and Queen Alexandra were great admirers of the Princess, who often sang for their Majesties on the *Victoria and Albert* at Cowes and at other places. The Kaiser is an admirer of the tall, fair Princess, who has presented three young Fürsts von Pless to the Fatherland, and been an exceedingly great ornament to it too. I last saw her Highness when the Duchess of Westminster's baby girl was baptised last season. Always beautifully dressed and turned out, she was a pleasure to look at. With youth on her side, it is hoped that she will soon be convalescent.

London's New Commercial Palace. We are no longer expected to make our purchases in shops. These luxurious days provide us with palaces for the purpose. The latest is one which bears a name so honoured in commerce as Whiteley's, and therefore comes to us as an old, tried friend, but with a wonderful new environment. The structure of which the Mayor of Paddington recently placed the foundation-stone will be truly magnificent. It is being erected on the site of Paddington Baths. There will be an installation of wireless telegraphy, and a roof-garden, part of which will be reserved for children to play, with sand and sea-shells and buckets, while their mothers transact their business.

Our Much-Considered Feet. For many a year Englishwomen have regarded their feet merely as useful and necessary parts of their anatomy, and have clothed them sensibly and hidden them away as well as possible out of sight. For some time past this state of affairs has been altering; now we see it altered and affairs more evenly balanced. It was hardly just to spend seven guineas on a toque, and think one a great deal to expend on a pair of shoes. The prevalence of short skirts has done much to bring about a change. Even if our feet are larger than those of Frenchwomen and Americans, they are often remarkably well shaped—long, slender, and indicative of high breeding. It is, therefore, now conceded that three or four guineas expended on a pair of pretty shoes is not extravagant. Those of velvet to match velvet gowns are smart, and I have seen them with black patent-leather heels; some are of python-skin, and go with any dress; leopard's skin is used, too; and the softest and most pliable of suèdes. Charming ornaments are used, also, in the shape of rosettes, choux, and buckles. As to stockings, I wrote about the pride and circumstance of them some time ago; now I hear that silk-embroidered and clocked hose are selling like wildfire. Certainly our feet are looking up!

Some New Things. Like the Athenians of old, we are always seeking some new things. Particularly is this so about gifts—wedding, birthday, and others. In these luxurious days he or she has everything you can think about, and so novelties

have to be found. The firm that keeps pace with the desire for new things is Mappin and Webb. Whether at 158, Oxford Street, 2, Queen Victoria Street, or 220, Regent Street, there are always new presents to be found. Among their new things in jewellery is an expanding watch-bracelet, which fastens with a snap. This obviates the necessity of stretching it over the hand, while it adapts itself comfortably to any thickness of glove. Charming examples of fine enamel and jewel work are in great variety and novelty. There are many beautiful things in silver, none more fascinating than fine reproductions from the antique. A coffee-set on a tray, with cream-jug, coffee-pot, and sugar-basin most beautifully chased and frosted, the handles Bacchanalian figures, and the cups and saucers white eggshell china, is an example of what I mean, but there are many others. Prince's Plate is as fine a thing as silver. In it are many beautiful things suitable for gifts; In the fancy-leather department the latest things are black-velvet bags. These are the rage just now. There are also most complete, compact, and neat fold-up dressing-sets for ladies and men, while the clocks are worth a visit, so interesting are the reproductions from those in well-known collections, genuine examples, in good going order, of Charles the Second's time, and other clock-making wonders.

What to Wear. Velvet is the most popular material of the moment. On "Woman's Ways" page will be seen a drawing of a black-velvet walking-costume, with short coat and belt fastened down one side. Fur is the correct adjunct to velvet, and on the same page is a drawing of an ermine muff and stole and a hat trimmed with wings.

Where Crowned Heads Purchase. A little while ago I had the pleasure of pointing out that the King of Spain had appointed Mr. J. C. Vickery jeweller, gold and silver smith, dressing-case and travelling-bag manufacturer to his Majesty. Now I have to announce that the Queen of Sweden has forwarded a royal sealed Warrant of Appointment to the same firm.

THE HARLEQUINS.
(See Illustrations.)

The Harlequins' Rugby football team have experienced the pangs of defeat considerably earlier this season than most of their supporters had expected, but they remain one of the best sides in England to watch. Their attractiveness lies in their utter disregard of what we may term football orthodoxy. They do not depend wholly upon their forwards to heel-out the ball. Adrian Stoop, most famous of latter-day English half-backs, has trained his three-quarters to turn defence into attack at every conceivable opportunity—

to ignore, so far as a reasoning person can ignore, the circumstance that the other side threaten danger, and to remember first that the thing to do is to score. By enterprise and determination the Harlequins have made themselves famous. Stoop is the mainspring of the attack; he is ever doing something calculated to baffle the opposing fifteen and put them off their guard. It is not too much to say that he has founded in London a style of football that might well be accepted as a model for the country. His partner at half-back, H. J. H. Sibree, is a resolute player, who may yet win the recognition of the National Selection Committee. Of the three-quarters, J. G. G. Birkett is perhaps the most noted; his runs have scored many a try which never would have been gained if a man less powerful than Birkett had been in possession of the ball. R. W. Poulton, who for the present is required by Oxford, but who is also a Harlequin, was perhaps the most discussed player in England last season. Some critics thought him overrated, but he has few equals as an attacking three-quarter; his swerve is remarkable. Kenneth Powell and D. Lambert are two of the fastest wingers in Rugby football. Powell has done "even" time over the hurdles for Cambridge in the Inter-Varsity Sports. Lambert is a keen golfer, and is already a player with a single-figure handicap.



THE DIVIDED SKIRT "IN" AGAIN: A REMARKABLE NEW COSTUME WORN IN "THE ARCADIANS."

The skirt is divided, but when the wearer is standing still the division is not apparent. When she walks, the division is seen easily, and shows the skirt practically as two wide, straight trousers.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 28.

THE EGYPTIAN BOOMLET.

EGYPTIAN stocks and shares are enjoying more activity than they have done for some time past, and all accounts from Cairo and Alexandria tell of the prosperity that seems to be returning to the land of the Nile. Like the Chinaman, the Egyptian is a gambler, and it was his indulgence in riotous speculation which contributed so largely to the financial crisis that knocked the last Egyptian boom on the head. Since then, the Government out there have taken preventive measures designed to check excessive speculation, and accordingly the danger of mere gambling by the fellahs is now considerably minimised. The Egyptian Market enjoys a wide range of interest and support. Both in Antwerp and in Brussels, the Egyptian shares popular on this side command a substantial following. One of the favourites in Antwerp is New Egyptian, and these, now at about 14s. 6d., are worth watching, because if they slip back at all—say, to the neighbourhood of 12s. 6d.—they will deserve to be bought for speculative investment.

MINING MATTERS.

The Kaffir Market is passing through a particularly poor patch at the present time, and to all appearance there is not much chance of its striking richer stuff on this side of the New Year. Possibly there may be a recovery after the Gold Fields dividend is declared, but confidence has been shaken a good deal of late, and the public are shy of touching shares which are at the mercy of people with inside information and an entire want of scruple as to using it to their own advantage. Rhodesians promise more run for one's money, considered speculatively, and Rhodesia Explorations, if the tipsters prophesy truly, are to be pushed well above 3. Of Chartered we have written favourably at about the present price of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, and are confident of a rise there unless the whole market disintegrates and goes to pieces. The West African dealers are looking for a more permanent rise to take place in their shares soon after the turn of the year, and speak, vaguely as hopefully, of the good reports which are to come. Broken Hill shares are disappointing. General interest in them has died away to a mere breath. The dividend disappointment in the case of Mount Lyell shares has affected their particular following. The Mining Markets are not inactive as a whole, but the Rhodesian holds out most promise for speculative purchases.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET

The way was long, the wind was biting.

"Hullo! Where on earth and what the—"

The boy with whom Our Stroller had collided picked up his scattered papers and apologised with equal profuseness and politeness.

Our friend said it didn't matter. "What have you got there?" he asked, incurably inquisitive as ever.

"Proofs for the next edition. Our man in the Stock Exchange was late in giving them to me, and that's why I am in such a hurry," and by this time he was half-way up Copthall Court.

"So that's one way they get their financial information, is it? I wonder what paper that young man represented? What a pity I didn't ask him!"

He retraced his steps, and just outside one of the quieter entrances to the House, saw two men writing, as though for dear life, on small blocks of paper, while another, obviously a member of the House, discoursed earnestly and fast.

Pretending to saunter by casually, Our Stroller heard the words, "Reacted at the finish upon profit-taking on the eve of the account," which apparently finished one man, because he slipped the block into a pocket, murmured, "Just catch the edition," and went off like a streak of well-oiled lightning.

The two others remained, but all Our Stroller overheard was—

"That'll do all right for a Note in the morning."

Puzzled, he turned towards his broker's office, and on his way bought a copy of a famous penny evening paper.

He had it open at the financial page as he sat in the broker's sanctum.

"Where do they get all this from?" he inquired, pointing to the "Story."

"It's all telephoned from the office of one of the biggest brokers in the Stock Exchange," was the answer. "No; I shouldn't care to do it at all. Too much like work for me."

"And how do the morning papers get their information?"

"Come along, and I'll show you."

They passed in the street a young fellow pleasant to look upon, frank of face and buoyant of step, with a certain air that can belong only to a 'Varsity man.

"Cleverest chap of his age in the City-editing world," observed the broker. "Looks young, doesn't he? But he has a vast circle of readers every day, and he is gathering news for them at this present moment. And do you see that man?"

He was leaning against a column of the Stock Exchange, and smoking a fat cigar as he listened with great attention to the earnest expatiations of a Stock Exchange friend.

They are all in such dead earnest, these Stock Exchange friends.

"He does the City columns for one of the biggest morning papers, and is as shrewd as he's experienced. Oxford man he is, and there's another Oxonian," he went on, as a man of clean-shaven and keenly intellectual appearance nodded, passing by.

"He turns finance into literature, and employs Shakespeare to describe the money market," laughed the broker. "And now, having seen them in the individual, I'll show them to you in the mass. Come on."

They went into a moderately sized room, wherein a number of mostly young men, each representing one or more different newspapers, were busily taking down a regular dictation exercise on the subject of the markets, reviewed in systematic order, and dealt with by the speaker, obviously a member of the House, in a manner curt but illuminating, brief but informative. It was uncommonly well done.

"Like a school, isn't it?" laughed Our Stroller's cicerone. "Now do you understand how it is that you see the same sort of thing in all the different papers? Same news, views, opinions, rumours, reports, and flashes of truth."

"Show me some more."

The broker laughed, and led the way to one of the banking-houses whose name is a household word throughout Europe. He led the way to the manager's room, and asked if Mr. — were disengaged.

"I am sorry, Sir, but he is very busy dictating, and said he was not to be disturbed. The usual weekly article, I think, Sir," he volunteered, rather unnecessarily.

Again the broker laughed. "Come on," he repeated to his client.

They called at the office of one of the biggest of the Rubber Companies, and the broker asked by name for the secretary.

"Come for the copy, Sir," he said cheerfully, as he introduced his friend.

The table was strewn with slips of paper closely covered with neat writing, and every known work of reference on the American Market lay scattered around in picturesque confusion.

"Go away, you time-waster," growled the scribe, with a smile that belied the words. "I've got to finish this so that the paper has it before seven to-night, and—"

"Good-evening," was the prompt reply, "and thank you."

"Seen enough?"

"Yes, for to-night," said Our Stroller. "It's interesting to see a little of the machinery, though, and I am much obliged to you for taking me round. It's wasted your time, I'm afraid."

"Don't you mention that," answered the broker cheerily. "Of course, I wouldn't do it for anybody, and I wouldn't let this sort of thing get into the papers for worlds. You won't—"

"Of course I won't," said Our Stroller, with some heat.

And, as a matter of fact, he didn't.

LAGUNAS SYNDICATE.

The following Note from our well-known correspondent, "Q.," should prove of interest. We know the public never buys when things are out of fashion, but the wise men who pick up shares in depressed times and turn them out when the reaction comes are the ones who make money, and for ourselves, we would rather buy shares in the best Nitrates to-day than in many of the fashionable Rubber Companies—

Evidence is accumulating of the greatly improved prospects of the Nitrate industry, due to the rapid increase of consumption. It appears, in fact, that consumption is now up to the level of the present production, and the result is a gradual improvement in the prices obtained by the producing Companies. If this state of things continues, the absence of the Combination will cease to have any terrors for the majority of the Companies, although, of course, it must be remembered that a much larger output is necessary to produce the same profit as under the Combination, and the "life" of any Company is proportionately shortened. The report of the *Lagunas Syndicate* which has been issued this week contains an important proposal in this connection. The Syndicate earned a net profit for the year ended June 30, 1910, of £119,051 4s. Out of this a dividend of 6s. for the year will absorb £66,000, and it is proposed to place £25,000 to a special reserve for increase and renewals of machinery, and £30,000 to "Special Reserve for service of Debentures under proposed scheme of Reduction of Capital." This proposed scheme is important, and is likely to lead to a considerable rise in the price of the shares. The present capital of the Syndicate consists of 220,000 shares of the nominal value of £5 each. It is proposed to reduce the capital to 220,000 shares of the nominal value of £2 10s. each (to be subsequently changed into 550,000 shares each of £1). The remaining £2 10s. of capital is to be issued to the shareholders in the form of 5 per Cent. Debentures of corresponding amount, or £550,000 in all; "and the Company will apply at least £60,000 in each year from profits for their service, and such further sum, if any, as the Directors may consider the financial position of the Company to justify, such sum to be applied first in paying the year's interest on the outstanding Debentures, and the balance then remaining to be applied, at the discretion of the Directors, either in purchasing Debentures at or under par, or in redeeming Debentures by drawings at par." It is estimated that some considerable time will be required to carry through the scheme, and the Debentures are to carry interest from June 30, 1911. As will have been seen above, £30,000 has been set aside out of last year's profits for their service, and if a similar sum be set aside in the current year, the redemption of the Debentures can be begun immediately. The effect of this alteration to a shareholder may be illustrated as follows:

Purchase of 100 *Lagunas Syndicate* shares at present price (3 $\frac{1}{2}$) requires £325. In exchange for these 100 shares, purchaser will receive £250 of 5 per cent. Debentures, redeemable at par. 250 shares of £1 each.

Assuming that the profits permit of £60,000 being set aside annually for interest and redemption, the Debentures will be paid off in about ten years, and their value will be approximately par. The value of the shares will be, of course,

speculative, but a dividend of 5 per cent. will require only £27,500, or a total annual profit of £87,500, as against £119,000 last year. Their value can hardly be set at less than 10/-, which works out as follows:—

£250 of 5 per cent Debentures at par = £250
250 shares of £1 each at 10/- = £125

Total . . . £375 or = £3 $\frac{1}{4}$ per share.

Much interest will attach to the Chairman's statement at the meeting on Nov. 8, but it appears that the price of Lagunas Syndicate shares should advance to about £4.

THE CHARING CROSS BANK.

So many of our readers (if we may judge by our correspondence column) are interested in this so-called bank that we feel obliged to refer to the matter. The Bank was, of course, only another name for a certain Mr. Carpenter, who originally carried on the business of a money-lender.

As long as Carpenter was content with bills-of-sale, notes-of-hand, and suchlike legitimate business, things were fairly straight; but paying 10 per cent. for deposits, and adding to this very large advertising expenses, and the upkeep of branch offices in nearly every big town, the money must have cost him nearly 25 per cent., which is more than legitimate money-lending—allowing for bad debts—will stand. The result was that Carpenter was driven into all sorts of risky enterprises to make bigger profits, and we have long known that large sums were locked up in the building of the Atlantic, Quebec, and Western Railway of Canada, only a small section of which is yet open for traffic; in a patent for synthetic rubber—a regular death-trap for the savings of many imaginative people; in a factory for the manufacture of solid tyres; in a metal-polish company, and many other like enterprises.

Steadily the day of reckoning approached, and was hastened by the attacks upon Carpenter and his so-called Bank which appeared in our contemporary *Truth* and other papers, until the withdrawal of deposits brought about the smash. For many years we have made every effort to impress upon correspondents the folly of entrusting their cash to the Charing Cross Bank, and the vital necessity of getting out at any sacrifice the money they had on deposit.

The preliminary statement which has been issued looks as if the dividend will be a very small one (our estimate is three shillings in the pound), and the most striking point about it is that of over two millions deposits only £60,000 appears to have been employed in legitimate money-lending. Depositors can do nothing but endeavour to get a first-class man elected as trustee, and then possess their souls in patience for the result of the realisation. We

advise them to give their proxies to the Official Receiver and let him use them for the person he considers best fitted to conduct such a liquidation successfully.

Saturday, Nov. 5, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor.
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ENQUIRER.—We should think safe enough for what you suggest. The savings of a lifetime would be a different matter.

G. M. D.—It is very difficult to advise. The position is that there is plenty of sulphide ore, worth, on an average, 40s. a ton; but the question of whether it can be treated at a profit is not yet settled. The ore contains antimony and arsenic, and, so far, no cheap process has been found. We believe there will have to be further capital found in a few months. Development has been stopped until a process is found.

W. P.—Thank you for your letter. It is a pity you won't let us publish it. We don't like such things as Bolívar Railway or the New Russia Company's Debentures, and would prefer, for our 6 per cent., City of Santos 6 per cent. Bonds. Of your 5 per cent. stocks, Amazon Telegraph and Lima Railway Debentures are not attractive. We should prefer Leopoldina Railway 5½ Preference. No room for detailed criticism.

C. C.—Your letter amused us much. If we write "rot," don't read it. Patriotism and finance, while good things in themselves, make a bad mixture. As to the East Rand Proprietary Deep levels, "wait and see."

EVA.—We can't help you. Don't send any more of your savings to be invested in American Rails on the 1 per cent. cover system; better give the money to the poor and needy.

ERIN.—(1) The dividend is paid half-yearly, in February and August, and is at the rate of 8 per cent. on the nominal value of the shares (50 yen). The price is about 8½. (2) There is a market (price 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.). We really do not like advising, but it would probably be cheaper to cut the loss.

CAP.—The usual way is to get into a broker's office for a year or two to learn the business. If the young man has capital and gets on, he will be able to obtain a partnership in some firm in good time. We will hand your note to a broker we know well.

S. A.—See this week's Notes. Do not give your proxy to the people you mention, but send it to the Official Receiver.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think the Liverpool Cup will be won by Succour. Other selections for the Liverpool Meeting are: Lancashire Handicap, Facet; Knowsley Nursery, Sandwich; St. Leger, Swynford; Anchor Nursery, Islwyn; Grand Sefton Steeplechase, Cackler; Stewards' Plate, Lady Vista; Croxteth Plate, Poor Boy; Grosvenor Cup, Double Thrush; Valentine Steeplechase, Round Dance; Ormerod Plate, Dazzler; November Hurdle Handicap, Briery.

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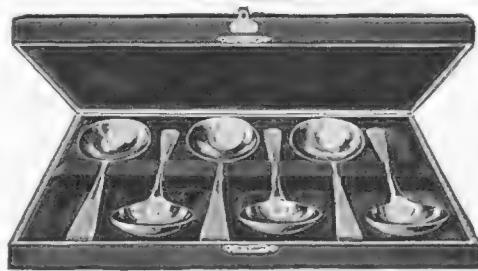
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5 " " 5 " " 3d.	" " "	" " "

The set of six spoons in handsome satin-lined case for coupons representing 6 lbs. Lemco and 4d. in stamps to cover packing and postage. The Coupon will be found under the capsule of each Jar of Lemco. This offer is open till October 31, 1910.

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LONDON, E.C.

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NEW YORK.

"WHAT'S that?" demanded the Customs officer.

"What's what?" I replied.

He pointed to a suspicious-looking, somewhat complicated contrivance made of wood and metal that was nestling beneath a pile of shirts and other matters.

"That," I explained, "is a trouser-press."

"Let's have a look at it."

In my frantic desire to please, a desire that gives the keynote to all that I shall have to tell of my first visit to America, I flung my beautiful, spotless, soft-fronted dress-shirts hither and thither on the somewhat dusty landing-stage. This frank action seemed to convince the Customs officer of my complete innocence. At any rate, after a perfunctory glance at the trouser-press, he stuck a little label on the outside of my trunk, and I was free to depart.

Mind you, nobody but a fool would have gone to the trouble and expense of bringing a heavy trouser-press to New York at all. If there is one thing that they are more particular about in America than another, it is the pressing of clothes. Any exterior article of clothing that you leave lying about in your room is promptly taken away, pressed, and brought back again in a scarcely recognisable condition of smartness. That is why I am in constant dread of going to sleep some day with my clothes on. I am quite sure that I should wake up to find myself pressed out flat and hanging from a hook in the cupboard.

I drove to the club—at which I had arranged to stay—in a four-wheeled cab. It was so like the dear old London "growler" that I fondled the cushions all over, tears running down my cheeks. I felt sure that it had been imported from London. I thought I would charter it to attend upon me daily during my stay in New York. When I discovered that the fare from the docks to the club, a distance of about a mile, came to three dollars, I changed my mind and let the man drive the vehicle away. Thus the last link with home was severed.

I now ascended in the elevator to my bedroom. It was a very nice room, but the only means of communication with the outer world was by telephone.

"Are you there?" I called.

"Why, sure!" came the answer, in a tone of slight surprise.

"May I have some hot water, please?"

"Hot water, Sir?"

"Yes, hot water."

"All right, Sir."

Two minutes later, a coloured gentleman entered. He was carrying a tray. On the tray stood a tiny silver jug and a glass.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"The hot water, Sir."

"But I wanted it to wash in!"

"Oh! Thère's the hot water to wash in, Sir."

Idiot that I am! I had forgotten that every bedroom in this up-to-date country is fitted with a continual supply of hot and cold water. Blushing hotly, I bowed to the coloured gentleman. For his part, he betrayed no such sign of embarrassment.

The next day was Sunday. A genial doctor to whom I had been introduced offered to show me the slums of New York. We went to Chinatown by way of the Bowery, finishing up with a strapping four-mile walk through the Hebrew quarter. The doctor enjoyed himself so much that I had not the heart to suggest a return to the brighter parts of the city.

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND!"

"Well," he said, rubbing his hands together in high glee, "what d'you think of it?"

"Amazing!"

"Ever see anything like this in London?"

"Never!"

"Isn't it crowded? Isn't it dirty? This used to be my district, years ago, but I think it's dirtier now than it was then. Let's go down here."

He led the way into a still more foul and loathly alley. At any moment I expected to feel a knife between my ribs. I was extremely careful, I warrant you, not to bump into the natives of the quarter. We had not seen a policeman for at least two hours.

"Are there many—murders here?" I inquired carelessly.

"Murders? Gee! I should say so! If we're lucky we may see a real good fight."

I seized him by the arm. "By the way," I said, "I forgot to tell you that I ordered dinner for six o'clock. We've only just time to get to the restaurant. Come along!"

"Sure, that's a pity," replied the doctor. "That's an awful pity! But we can have another day here some other time."

"As soon as possible," I agreed.

On Monday I went forth, all alone, to find my way "down town." I determined to take the Elevated Railway. It appealed to me. I should be able to see a lot of New York from that height.

Owing to some absurd little mistake, I found myself in the Subway, which is something between our Twopenny Tube and the District Railway. One travels at a great pace on the Subway, and the names of the stations are so small that it is extremely difficult for the stranger to know just where he is. I would have inquired of the gentleman next me, but he appeared to be taking a sort of invisible lunch, and I did not like to disturb him. The conductor, also, was lingering over the remnant of a meal, and a good many of the other passengers were doing the same.

"The quick lunch!" I thought. "The poor dears had not time to finish! Such is the rush of the business life in New York!" Subsequent inquiry, however, led me to understand that they were merely chewing gum. This is the American safeguard against smoking.

Well, on we dashed. We had now passed, I suppose, some fifty stations. My original fellow-passengers had all got out, and an entirely fresh set had got in. What was I to do? What would you have done, friend the reader, in my place? If I alighted at the next station, I might find myself in some extraordinary part of New York, miles and miles from the friendly and familiar club. In London, under such circumstances, one can just jump into a cab. Nobody jumps into cabs in New York except millionaires and fugitives from justice. If I said, "Would you kindly tell me where I am?" they would doubtless have told me, but should I have been any the wiser? On we tore.

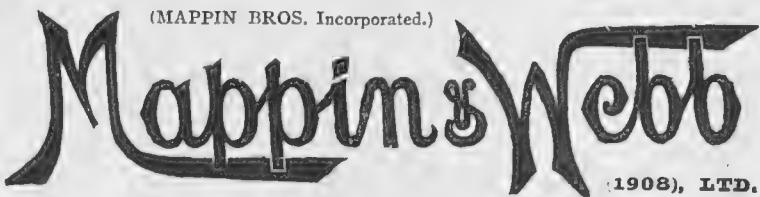
At last, to my intense relief, we stopped at a station called "Brooklyn Bridge." Brooklyn Bridge had been pointed out to me by several people; it is a landmark; you cannot miss it. I left the train at Brooklyn Bridge.

When the time came to return, I was determined that the Subway should not beat me. All I had to do was to wait until I reached Fifty-Seventh Street and then get out. But we did not stop, if you please, till we came to Seventy-Second Street!

"You were in an express," my friends explained. "You ought to have got out at Forty-Second Street."

"How was I to know that?" I demanded passionately.

They laughed, the brutes.



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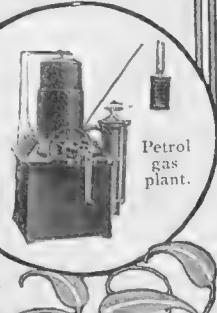
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- "Entirely free from acrid flavour."
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¶ This series comprises the artist's most popular drawings, and represents his latest and best work, and includes the last drawing completed by him.

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¶ The series makes an ideal present, and is especially suitable for the Billiard Room, Smoking Room, Golf Club; also Shooting Boxes, Bachelor's Dens, Officer's Quarters, etc.

¶ To be had of all print-sellers at 3/6 each or 24/- for the set of eight: or direct from the publishers.

Special framings, designed to harmonise exactly with the prints, may also be seen at the print-sellers'.

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The above VERY HANDSOME Lady's Case of Golden Brown Crocodile, lining of Myrtle Green Plain Corded Silk. The Toilet Fittings, Brushes, Mirror, &c., are of Sterling Silver, LONDON MAKE, reproduced from designs of Chippendale. Size of case when closed, 19in. long by 14in. wide by 7in. deep, light in weight, and easily carried.

Customers' OLD BAG FITTINGS MADE AS NEW, and adapted to Cases of Newest Design.
Plans and Estimates Free.

DREW & SONS Also Actual PATENT "EN ROUTE" Makers of TEA & LUNCHEON BASKETS | PATENT WOOD FIBRE TRUNKS

WHY REMAIN DEAF? The Stolz Electrophone

Enables the Deaf to
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Electrophone in use—
less conspicuous than
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IT ALSO IMPROVES THE NATURAL HEARING.
OVER 80,000 STOLZ ELECTROPHONES NOW IN USE.

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SCRUBB'S AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

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Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.

Invigorating in Hot Climates.

Restores the Colour to Carpets.

Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Softens Hard Water.

PRICE 1/- PER BOTTLE. OF ALL GROCERS, CHEMISTS, ETC.



Fine CRUSHED MOROCCO Diary for 1911, best finish, 10/6
With Lock and Key, 14/6

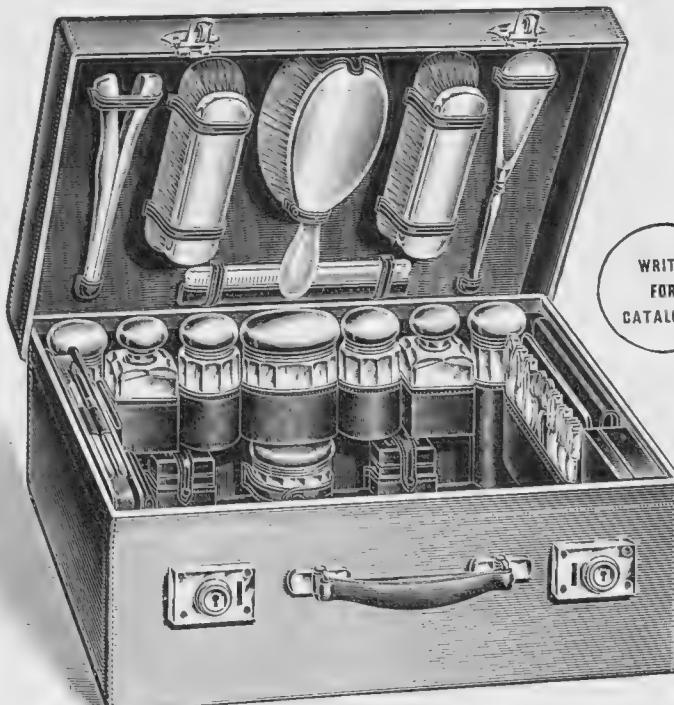


Folding SLIPPERS in LEATHER Case.
"Just the thing" for travel and general use.
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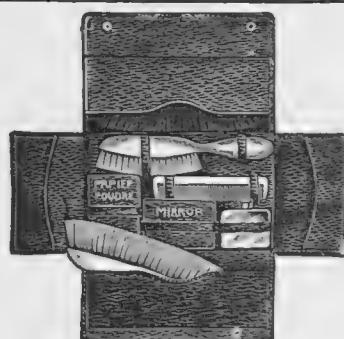
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only 14/6

John Pound & Co.
Actual Makers



Lady's best ROLLED HIDE Dressing Case, SILVER & IVORY fittings,
size 18 x 13 1/2 x 7.
SPECIAL £16 5 0 VALUE.

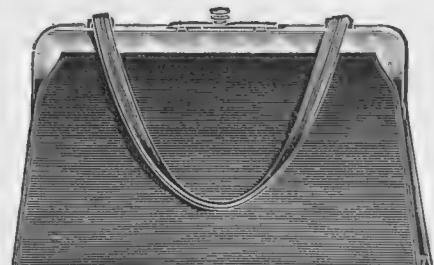
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real SEAL LEATHER, 70/-



NEW
Flat
CLOTHES
Brush.
4/6



VERY STRONG frame lady's Purse bag,
all colours, 21/-

268-270, Oxford Street, W.
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81, 82, 83, 84, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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Telegrams:
"POUND, LONDON."

*Don't let Your
Chest
be
Crushed
BY
BRONCHITIS*

The Only Certain Road
to Relief & Cure.

IT is an awful feeling to be conscious of bronchitis tightening its coil round your chest, and your breathing becoming more and more obstructed.

Cough you must, though your eyes feel bursting by the racking exertion; your head aches, and your chest is painful at the back, front, and sides.

Bronchitis, as a rule, gets more distressing as winter approaches, unless the sufferer adopts the proper treatment which is supplied by Peps, the wonderful breathe-able tablets that convey direct to the seat of the trouble the most effective bronchial medicine ever discovered. As a Peps tablet dissolves in the mouth, certain medicinal fumes are given off which impregnate the air we breathe with all the chest-strengthening virtues of the pine forest, and as these medicinal Peps fumes are breathed down the wind-pipe (where liquid medicines cannot pass) every bit of the sore and inflamed lining membrane is soothed and healed. The obstructive phlegm is loosened, breathing is made easy, and an end is quickly put to the chest-racking cough. Peps promptly banish all the terrors of chest-crushing bronchitis.

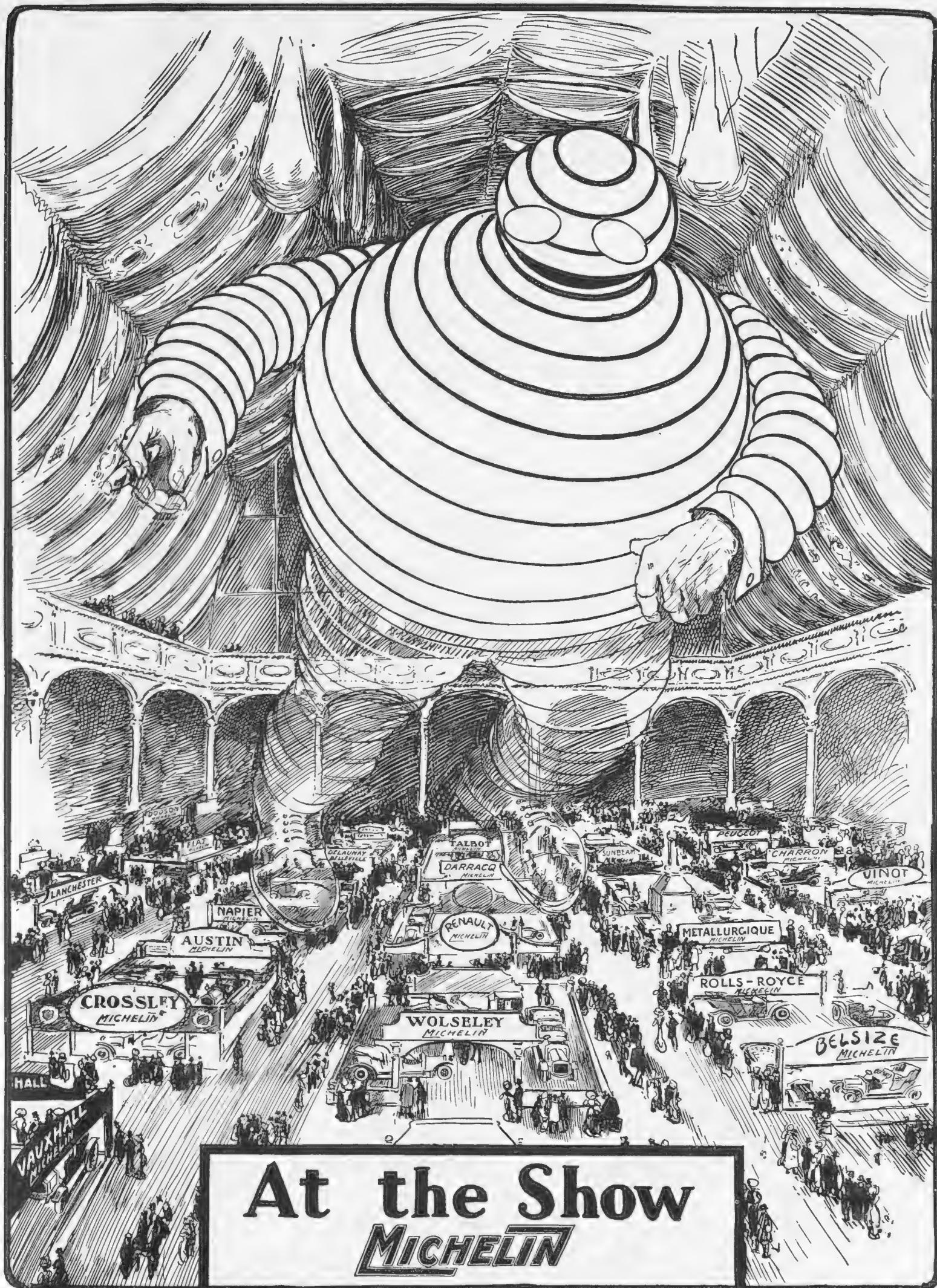
*Of all Chemists or from The Peps Co.,
Carlton Hill, Leeds.*

PEPS
A Pine Forest in Every Home."

Watson's 'No. 10' Whisky offers a rare maturity due to age alone; a flavour approved by the most critical of connoisseurs; and the supreme attraction of absolute purity.

**Watson's
N°10**

See 'No.10' in white on a red ground on the label
Obtainable of all Wine Merchants and Stores.



Mrs. POMEROY, Ltd.'s Free Offer to Readers of "The Sketch"

How to correct defects in your personal appearance by following in your own home the precise treatments employed by Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd. in their world-famous methods of beauty culture.

Not every woman can be made beautiful, but every woman can be more beautiful than she is if only she will devote proper care and attention to making the most of the good looks which are hers by nature, and of remedying some defect or other which marks her personal appearance. For every woman is born with at least one good point of good looks. In one it is the regularity of her features, in another, beautiful eyes or an exquisite skin or a dainty mouth, or a charming expression. And to fulfil her bounden duty of making the best of herself every woman must, in the first place, cultivate and, if possible, accentuate her particular charm so that it is the first thing which impresses those who meet her for the first time, and is afterwards always closely associated with their remembrance of her. But apart from such possession of points of classic beauty, the prettiness or charm of most women is really the prettiness and charm of their appearance as a whole. "How dainty is Miss X," or "How charming Mrs. Y," one declares; but if one were to analyse the face one might find not a single perfect feature, if considered in detail, though as a whole it delights the onlooker.

With the exception of the few women endowed by Nature with perfect beauty, such charm as described above is the result of regular care and attention, of the elimination and concealment of little defects enumerated in the accompanying table. Study your face in the mirror with this table as a guide. Accept Mrs. Pomeroy's offer of free advice for the treatment of the one defect which will most improve your looks. As far as complexion is generally concerned no woman need

worry, for the use of Pomeroy Skin Food is the first step towards obtaining a clear, healthy skin and good complexion. It removes from the skin the effects of acidity in the blood—a trouble which, with women, shows itself in the face. It contains nothing which encourages the growth of superfluous hair. It restores and cultivates what is every woman's natural birth-right—a soft and beautiful complexion.

Should any unordinary skin trouble be present, write and ask Mrs. Pomeroy for advice, and you will be told what is the best treatment and how to follow it. For superfluous hair you will receive particulars of the only real cure for this annoying disfigurement, as also for warts, prominent veins, or birthmarks. Skill and knowledge—the knowledge of over 15 years' practical experience—go hand in hand with sympathy in all the work of the House of Pomeroy, England's oldest and leading complexion specialists. There are no painful operations in the Pomeroy treatments, and no promises to do impossibilities are given only to be followed by cruel disappointments.

To cure or alleviate the defects or troubles of personal appearance—to make every woman know and feel that the very best is done for her, and to cultivate in her the good looks and charm which she in herself feels she possesses but cannot fully attain—this and this alone is the aim of the House of Pomeroy, and its achievement throughout many years has given Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd. its ever-increasing reputation among women all over the world.

Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd.'s Promise to Readers of "The Sketch."

I will send, without cost to you, and without obligation of any sort, advice and directions for curing, reducing, or concealing any one of these defects in personal appearance. I ask only that it will be the one defect which, when CURED, will make the greatest and most pleasing improvement in your personal appearance. Mark it in this list.

THE HAIR (a few hairs should be sent in case of hair troubles)	BLEMISHES, cont.	NECK, &c., cont.
Falling.	Swellings.	Stringy and wrinkled.
Too scant.	HANDS.	Too fat.
Too dry.	Rough.	Shapeless.
Too greasy.	Red.	Hollows.
Scalp too dry.	Harsh.	Double chin.
Losing brilliancy.	Loose skin.	Protruding ears.
Losing softness and pliancy.	Wrinkled.	Shoulders and neck stooped.
Losing its curl.	NAILS.	THE SKIN.
Losing its gloss.	Rough.	Too moist.
Prematurely grey.	Cracked.	Too dry.
Scalp too sensitive.	Brittle.	Too greasy.
Injured by hot waving.	Too heavy.	Flabby.
By tight curlers.	Hard to keep clean.	Loose.
Splitting.	Dull.	Chapped.
Losing its vitality.	Hangnails.	Hardened.
Dandruff.	THE FACE— Its expression.	Yellow or dark.
Irritated.	Facial expression faulty.	Too rough.
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.	Lines of age.	Pimpled.
Upper lip.	Of weariness.	Coarse.
Chin.	Of ill-health.	Pallid.
Cheeks.	Around the mouth.	Too red.
On arms.	The chin.	Flushed.
Hair growing from moles	The eyes.	Too easily injured by weather.
EYES.	Forehead.	Injured by harmful cosmetics.
Dull.	Temple.	Blackheads.
Lids inflamed.	Mouth drooping.	Freckles.
Lashes too short and scant.	Facial muscles relaxed.	Defects caused by acidity.
Lashes too pale.	Facial muscles atrophied.	Acne.
Eyes tired and weak.	Puffy and pouchy under the eyes.	Bilious.
BLEMISHES.	Wrinkles and hollows—neck.	Sallow.
Mole.	Wrinkles and hollows—cheeks.	Pores too open.
Wart.	Wrinkles and hollows—temples.	Pores clogged.
Wine mark.	NECK, BUST, & SHOULDERS.	LIPS.
Broken veins.	Too thin.	Colourless.
Birth marks.	Too hard.	Dry and harsh.
Scars		Cracked or blistered.

No obligation to purchase anything.

Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd. wish to emphasise as distinctly and strongly as possible that, in availing yourself of this offer and receiving advice and directions for duplicating the Pomeroy treatment in your own home, you do not put yourself under the slightest obligation to purchase any of the Pomeroy preparations or any of the special apparatus which has been devised for certain of the more difficult Pomeroy Treatments.

"Nearly all of the defects mentioned here in this list can be remedied or cured in your home by self-treatment," write Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., though, of course, we do not say it can be done as quickly, conveniently, or certainly as in our treatment rooms.

In your own home you can carry out the full treatment in every essential detail, exactly as if you were at our treatment rooms and using preparations made by exactly the same formulae.

Mrs. POMEROY, Ltd., 29F, Old Bond St., London, W.

27, Leece Street, LIVERPOOL. 75, New Street, BIRMINGHAM. 281, Sauchiehall Street, GLASGOW.
67, Grafton Street, DUBLIN. 4, Market Place Buildings, SHEFFIELD. 10, St. Ann's Square, MANCHESTER.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

FOR THE HAIR

Is the Best Preparation you can use.

WHY?

BECAUSE without it the Hair becomes dry, thin, and brittle, and this is the nearest approach to the natural oil in the Hair, the loss of which causes baldness.

BECAUSE you must keep the Hair well nourished and not dry, or you will soon lose it.

Ladies require it to keep the Hair soft and silky.

Men require it to prevent baldness.

Children require it to lay the foundation of a Luxuriant Growth. Sold in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Of Stores, Chemists, and Rowlands, 67, Hatton Garden, London. Avoid cheap spurious imitations and only buy the genuine Rowland's.



Calox
THE OXYGEN
TOOTH POWDER

The Purifying Oxygen
in Calox Tooth Powder makes Calox not only different from, but superior to, all other dentifrices.

Calox whitens the teeth, prevents and arrests decay, hardens the gums, sweetens the breath in a manner and to a degree which is a revelation. Calox is sold everywhere at 1/12, but we invite you to **Test Calox Tooth Powder Free!**

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G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD.,
75, Farringdon Road,
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THE OXYGEN
TOOTH POWDER

Hunyadi János

The Best Natural Aperient Water for sluggish bowels. Brings relief in the natural easy way. Speedy, sure, and gentle. Try a bottle and drink half a tumbler on arising, before breakfast, for

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For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d. 1/- 2/- & 4/-



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TECLA'S PEARLS

(Quality X)

are considered Professor Tecla's greatest achievement. They are made from the same substance as natural pearls and therefore possess the identical lustre, texture and durability of pearls from the Orient.

The Only Difference :

One is made in the laboratory of an alchemist and the other in the shell of an oyster.

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No other Branches or Agents.

Jersey Caramels

Melt in your Mouth.

They possess a soft, delicious, compelling flavour, unlike any other Caramel made. Absolutely pure and nourishing. The finest ingredients are combined together in their manufacture.

Jersey Caramels obtained the Grand Prix at the Japanese-British Exhibition—the highest award possible.

Go to your Confectioner and ask for JERSEY CARAMELS, in 1d., 3d., 6d., and 1/- boxes. If he does not supply you, send his name, and we will send you a sample box free of all cost.

BATGER & CO.,
The Oldest Manufacturing Confectioners,
16, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.



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Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed, or inclined either way. It extends over bed, couch, or chair, without touching it, and is an ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed with ease and comfort. To incline the top simply press the button on end of standard. The top is always in alignment with the base, and cannot overbalance. Comprises Bed Table, Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, &c.

PRICES.

No. 1—Enamelled Metal Parts, with Polished Wood Top...	£1 7 6
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MELODANTThe Wonderful New
Expression DeviceAS SUPPLIED TO
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Gives Freedom And
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The simplicity and completeness of the patented Expression Devices enable you to enjoy to the fullest extent the personal interest in rendering artistically the World's best music.

THE MELODANT Expression Device (Patented), accentuates the melody or theme of the composition, giving just that exquisite humanlike effect and independence of touch which mark the performance of the accomplished pianist.

THE PHRASING LEVER (Patented). Controls every variation of tempo, and gives a distinctive character to the performance.

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The Angelus Player-Pianos comprise pianos of the most artistic character, and include the famous Brinsmead, Marshall and Rose, Winkelmann, &c.

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ROSE SUPREME

(a Bouquet of the Sweetest Roses)

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2/-, 3/-, 6/-, and 10/- PER BOTTLE.

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W. F. CHARLES, Zenobia Laboratories, LOUGHBOROUGH.

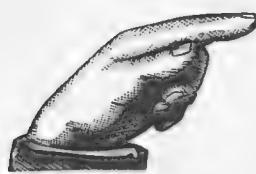
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Dealers in the United Kingdom. As such, we
can do for you what no other similar firm can. In publishing
results weekly, it is the highest tribute we can pay to the intelligence of
the public interested in our business. Above we give you the total sum paid away
to date. Below we give you the amounts corresponding to the weeks of this year.

Our Weekly Record for 1910.

January 5	£313,460	April 20	£359,010	August 3	£398,460
," 12	316,650	," 27	361,690	," 10	401,710
," 19	319,900	May 4	364,100	," 17	404,510
," 26	322,780	," 11	367,230	," 24	406,490
February 2	325,750	," 18	369,320	," 31	409,250
," 9	328,970	," 25	373,270	September 7	412,370
," 16	331,920	June 1	376,070	," 14	415,020
," 23	334,730	," 8	377,750	," 21	416,980
March 2	338,060	," 15	380,850	," 28	420,360
," 9	341,270	," 22	383,800	October 5	421,760
," 16	344,120	," 29	386,480	," 12	423,290
," 23	347,330	July 6	388,580	," 19	425,040
," 30	350,680	," 13	390,510	," 26	427,150
April 6	353,400	," 20	393,710	November 2	428,280
," 13	355,960	," 27	396,360				

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ADDRESS
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Date

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"Everyway, anyway, however carelessly you carry it—the Onoto never leaks—never soils—never spoils.
"And it is so easy to fill—it fills itself in a flash from any ink supply.
"As for writing—it's the perfect pen—and it's British made.
"Did you say you wanted one with just the nib to suit your hand?
"Get one to-day—and as sure as my name is Peter Pen you'll thank me when I said to you—'Get an

Price 10/- and upwards from all stationers, jewellers and stores.

Onoto Self-Filling Safety Fountain Pen

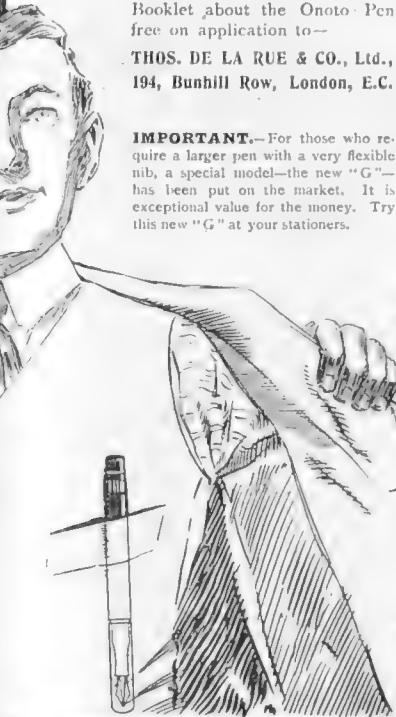


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Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to—

THOS. DE LA RUE & CO., Ltd.,
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IMPORTANT.—For those who require a larger pen with a very flexible nib, a special model—the new "G"—has been put on the market. It is exceptional value for the money. Try this new "G" at your stationers.



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"A valuable and reliable guide."—MANCHESTER COURIER.
"Ideal only with established Securities having a permanent and free market. Shows at a glance the financial position of each country in the case of Government Stocks and Bonds.
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Shows the history, character, and past and present price position of all active market securities.
Shows the characteristics of the various markets and the influences which affect prices.
Is published twice a year, with the latest information to the date of publication.
The October edition, considerably enlarged, is now ready.

"Contains a vast amount of useful information."—OUTLOOK.

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is an agreeable, non-effervescent Table Water having marked curative properties in all Rheumatic and kindred affections. It is bottled at the famous Vittel Mineral Springs in the Vosges, and exported to the extent of over seven million bottles annually.

For all Ailments arising from Uric Acid, Gout, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, etc.

In Whole, Half and Quarter Bottles.
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Foods containing starch cannot be properly digested by a toothless child.

Mellin's Food, mixed with fresh cow's milk, becomes an ideal substitute for mother's milk; like mother's milk in composition, like mother's milk in being free from starch, like mother's milk in being adaptable to the requirements of baby even from birth.

Get Mellin's Food, and with it will come health, strength and happiness for your baby.

Mellin's Food

A sample bottle of Mellin's Food, sufficient to prove its value, will be forwarded to all sending two penny stamps to cover postage. Please mention paper and address

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Ask specially for



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WHITE HORSE WHISKY

GREAT AGE & BOUQUET.

UNLESS ASKED FOR YOU WILL NOT GET IT.

PARIS GARTERS FOR WELL-DRESSED MEN

The most scientific and practical Suspender made, and by far the most economical.

1. The broad elastic band is tailored to fit the leg quite evenly all round; no drag, no sag.
2. A satin pad just over the supporting clasp removes all pressure and strain.
3. No Metal can Touch you.
4. The 'Paris' cannot wear or tear the socks.
5. In White, Black, Green, Navy, Sky, Grey, Brown; or Lavender.
6. See 'Paris' inside the pad.

Sold everywhere.

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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Mr. Ingleside." A book that bears Mr. Lucas's name on its cover needs no recommendation. A dozen endearing qualities spring to the mind at sight of it. Mr. Ingleside himself is one of those

rare beings—too fastidious for the artist, too imaginative for the scholar, too humorous for the epicurean, yet related to each, and marked with a deep vein of domestic tenderness. Greatly alienated from his wife, his two daughters only mean the more to him. When one accompanies her mother abroad, who was travelling for her health, he goes to a prize-giving at the younger's school, and fetches her home as his companion. George Moore, at the high level of his best when the convent school breaks up for "The Drama in Muslin," is not better than, though so different from, Mr. Lucas as he relates its humours. Miss Ridley—forty-six, tall and aquiline, of that type of cultured woman whom men do not marry, and a perfect example of that type of cultured woman who never repines because she has not been asked in marriage; the excited girls, some with a little misgiving as to the presentability of their parents; the Bishop who gave away the prizes and his fruity benediction, and Mr. Ingleside's wonder how time and society would deal with these rows of happy young creatures. For how many would their poor little bodies prove too much! "And some would die young, and one or two might be mothers of notable men, but most would merely increase the suburban census." So Ann goes to her father's beautiful old house by the river, once lived in by Pepys, and forms part of its delicately Bohemian life, even to the Friday evenings when he "receives." His group of men friends are none without some distinction of mind, and the essay-like sketches of their discussions on literature and life and woman are crammed with thought and epigram. Woman, especially, makes many entrances; her past and future, her limitations and potentialities. When she first got hot and breathless over tennis, was, according to one man, the first moment of her revolt. "I believe the whole river of feminine independence may be traced to the first drop of perspiration caused by the first game of mixed doubles." Then came the bicycle, which she mounted "nominally to ride with her brother, or even to get more quickly to choir practice, and it carried her to emancipation." When Mrs. Ingleside dies and Alison rejoins her father and sister at Buckingham Street, she is practically engaged to a young sailor whom she met in the home-bound ship. The night before her marriage, she walked the Embankment with her father, under the stars. "With a flash of insight, she saw how lonely he was and how little she really wanted to leave him, and how much more interesting he was than her nice but limited sailor." Then the veil fortunately dropped, and she was

a simple girl again, happy in her lover. This perception of a girl's mind—the same perception which reveals a young footman whose mother had asked him how he liked the gentlefolks of his first place making answer, "Mother, they're just the same as we are, only they change their socks oftener"—makes Mr. Lucas's book a joy to read.

"Pongo and the Bull."
By HILAIRE BELLOC, M.P.
(*Constable.*)

In 1925 he sees an unmistakable figure as once more Prime Minister of England. He sees "trouble" in India, and a pressing need of money, and unprecedented difficulty in raising it without intolerable conditions. In the old days, how easy it was! Extravagant, perhaps; but a job for insignificant permanent officials. Now the head himself has to hustle for it—or would do so, were he a less fastidious, more energetic being than Mr. Belloc's "Dolly." Pongo, the Opposition leader, of course "risen from the ranks," and Dolly's leal henchman—for he wants no dissolution at the moment—does his utmost to smooth a way for the loan. Unfortunately, his share is pure farce. Farce sends him to France after the senile millionaire who collected spurious Disraeli relics; farce, in bull-shape, stops his way to a party rehearsal at Westminster, and Dolly is defeated. After this fashion Mr. Belloc provides much fun, some pain, and a few shocks which will be shocks to the most hardened and recklessly cynical. This is dreadful: "Battersea House, as all the world knows, occupies the bottom of St. James's Street, where the gateway to St. James's Palace used to stand until it was pulled down under the Broadening of the Streets Bill!" A delicious interlude of comedy relates a visit of a deputation from the Anti-Bullfighting League, first to the Prime Minister and then to the Opposition Leader. That and the quaintly chosen chapter-headings might be excuse for the whole. They are sufficiently entertaining.

"The Island of Regeneration."
By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.
(*Greening.*)

An advanced young woman yachting with her lover on "unknown seas" quarrelled with him, and left the yacht secretly in a motor-boat. She was cast upon an undiscovered island, there to play a charming Robinson Crusoe to a still more charming Friday. Friday had been cast away as an infant, and therefore, though Virginia born and of high birth, was primæval man. When they are rescued, true love runs roughly for both, though things right themselves eventually. If the extraordinary situations ask much of faith they give it back generously in interest. The author appears to be American, as are the island and the rescuing cruiser.

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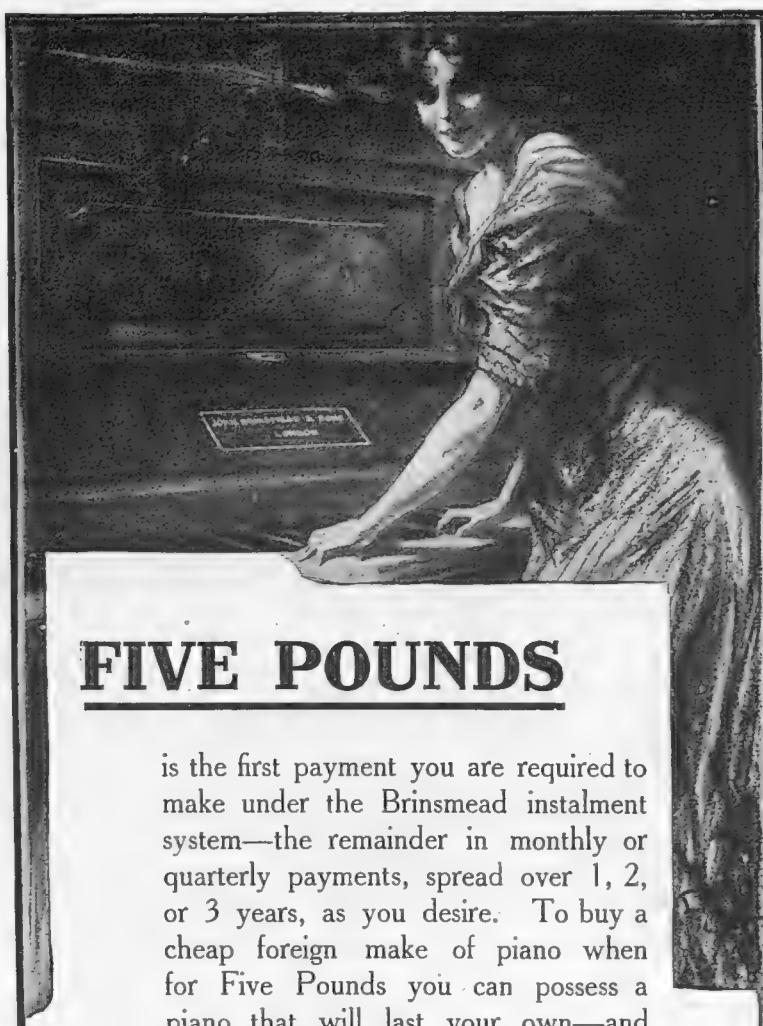
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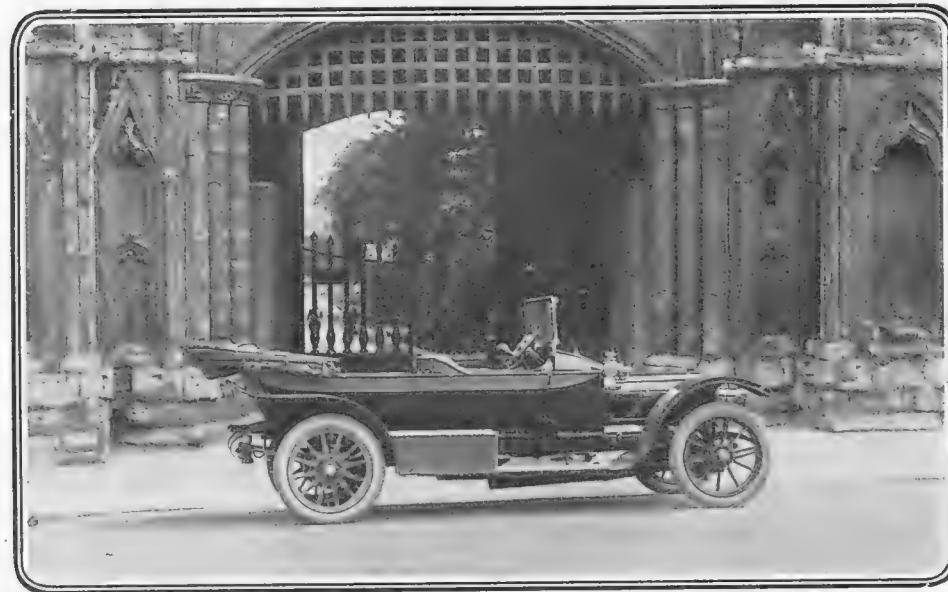
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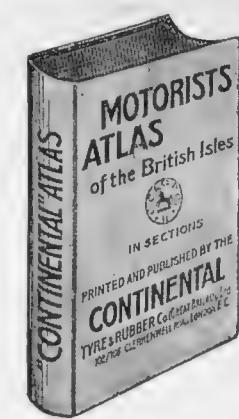
Mors. Three polished chassis—a 10-12-h.p. four-cylinder, a 17-20-h.p. six-cylinder, and a 20-30-h.p. four-cylinder—which are from entirely new designs, are shown by Mors-England, Ltd. Since the earliest days of automobilism in this country, the Mors cars have borne an excellent reputation for fine execution and reliability. There are men driving to-day who can recall some of their most interesting motor experiences in connection with that most original and ingenious vehicle the 8-h.p. Mors dog-cart; but the chassis exhibited at Olympia this week are



"MORS JANUA VITÆ": A 20-30 H.P. MORS CAR, WITH TORPEDO PHAETON, FROM A DESIGN REGISTERED BY MESSRS. EDWARDS AND CO.

very different cattle to the machine just named. They will be found more than up to date in every portion of their mechanical economy, while the reputation borne by the company is sufficient to assure the public that the very best material is employed in their construction. Four more chassis will be shown carrying bodies: a 10-12-h.p., being exhibited with a cabriolette interior-drive body, with

occasional, disappearing seat for two at the back. This exhibit shows the adaptability of this low-powered chassis for use as a covered car. A 12-16-h.p. four-cylinder is complete with a landaulette body, having an extension and glass screen with high side front doors. The 17-24-h.p. chassis carries a smart torpedo-phaeton body, built on specially low lines, and affords extreme comfort and ample protection. It is fitted with a double-extension Cape cart hood, side curtains, and a folding glass screen to the scuttle dash. The 17-20-h.p. four-cylinder is equipped with a cabriolette carriage body of entirely new design. Although similar to the usual cabriolette, its special features and fittings, which entirely distinguish it from the ordinary type of Mors chassis, will be shown by three firms of carriage-builders in the Annexe, so that any intending purchaser will be able to judge which style of body will best suit him with the chassis he elects to purchase.



THE HOMELAND TOURIST'S VADE-MECUM: THE "MOTORISTS' ATLAS OF THE BRITISH ISLES." This handy little sectional atlas, which is published by the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, of Clerkenwell, is an indispensable item in the equipment of a car for touring purposes in this country.

Thanks to the excellent train-service provided by the Great Eastern Railway, Clacton may now be regarded as a residential suburb of London. Most business men find a comfortable train journey a convenient opportunity for reading the paper, and otherwise priming themselves for the day's work. The G.E.R. has lately put on a new restaurant express between London, Clacton, and Southcliff. In the morning it leaves Clacton at 7.3, and breakfast

can be had on board if so desired. It leaves Liverpool Street every week-day at 5.6 p.m., and is essentially a tea-train, getting passengers down to Clacton in good time for dinner. The first-class season to Clacton is £28 a year, and the third-class, £21. Clacton and Southcliff are developing into a very popular residential neighbourhood, and are, of course, first-rate in the matter of healthiness.



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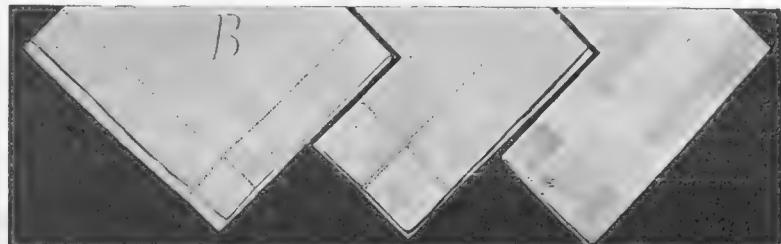
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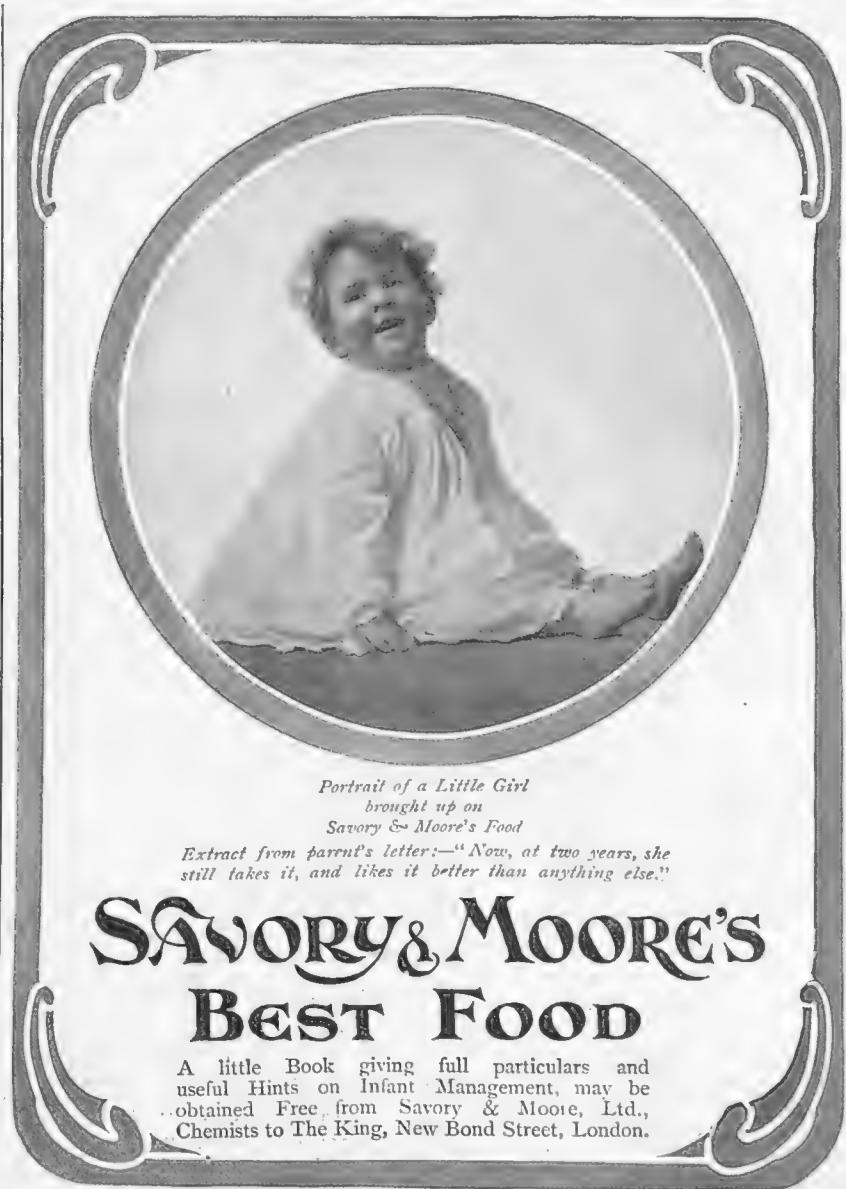
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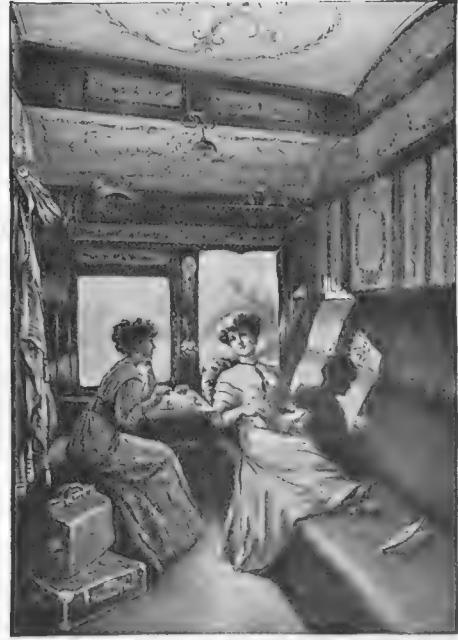
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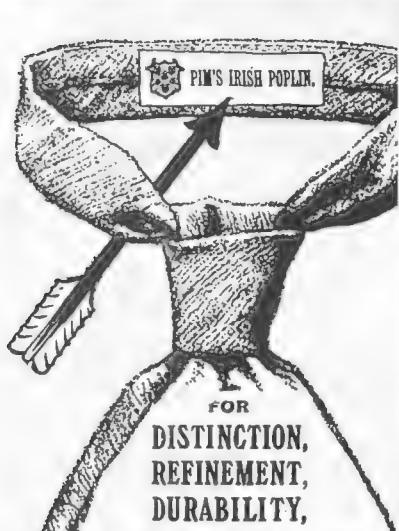
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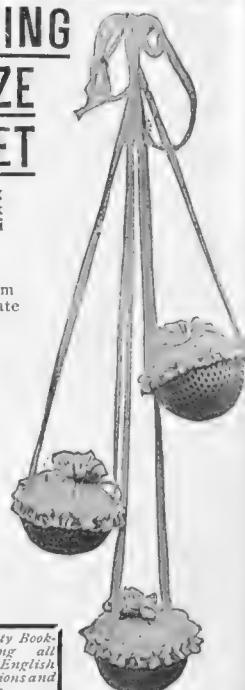
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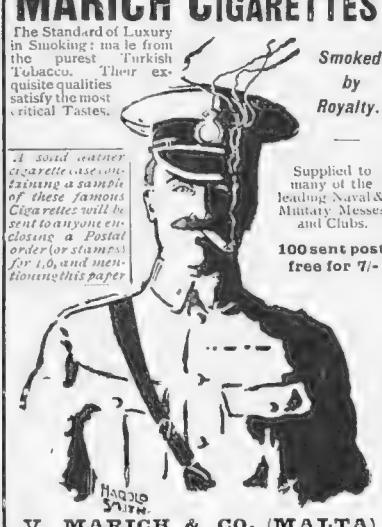
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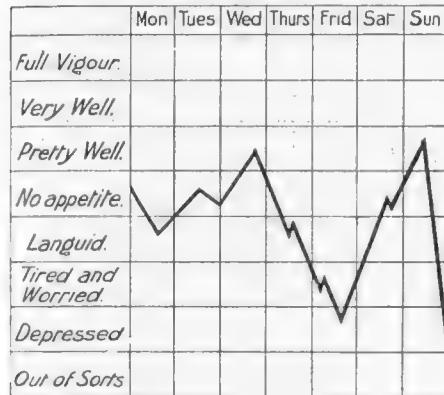
Established - 1723.

THE DANGER OF NEGLECTED ILL-HEALTH.

INTERESTING CHARTS WHICH DEMONSTRATE THE FACTS IN A STRIKING FORM.

Mr. Sandow's Important Offer to all who desire to secure and maintain Perfect Health.

MUCH that has proved of the greatest value to the public from the health point of view has been published in connection with Mr. Eugen Sandow and the work of his Institute for the cure of illness without medicine, and the health message which is conveyed on this page to-day deals with one of the most important health questions in relation to individual sufferers, *i.e.*, the peril of procrastination.

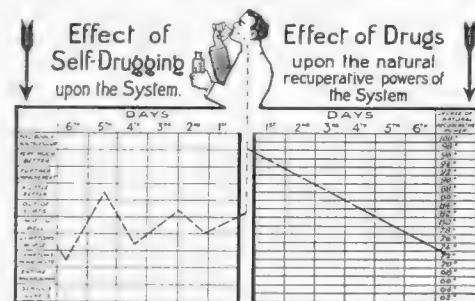


A week's Health Chart of the average man or woman who does not enjoy perfect health on any day during the week. The health line of a person perfectly well should run straight in the top section, a condition which can be secured by taking the Sandow treatment.

Any interference with the prompt and proper working of the process of digestion means that the intestines are overloaded with waste matter which speedily becomes tainted and poisonous. Poisonous elements from this are absorbed into the system, and thus the health is undermined.

A way in which men and women, in their millions, are constantly aggravating an already poisoned system by introducing other poisons is depicted in the second Chart. It happens like this: not being "really ill," most of the never-really-well men and women feel that just a tonic—a pill—a magic pick-me-up, is all that is wanted; and they take it.

What are the results? A temporary "Whip-up" of the system, and temporary partial recovery, and then "not up to the mark again." Inevitably more tonics follow—more pick-me-ups or more pills. And so, under the delusion that they are "doctoring" themselves, they slowly but surely become confirmed tonic-takers, and in the majority of cases self-poisoners of an already poisoned system.



INJUDICIOUS SELF-DRUGGING AND ITS EFFECTS.

The dual effect of wrongly self-prescribed medicine is apparent here. The left-hand section shows the fluctuation of the symptoms, while the right-hand section shows how every day of wrongly self-prescribed drugging lowers the natural recuperative powers inherent in mankind. How this may be avoided by taking the natural treatment is explained in any of the books referred to in the next column.

proportion of deaths from consumption and pulmonary complaints to deaths from natural causes. It will help you to understand the magnitude of the risk you run if you neglect the first symptoms of a weak chest.

But this Chart, despite its note of alarm, should come with a promise of great hope to the 20,000,000 people who are always unnecessarily suffering ill-health.

And although you are ill and ailing now, you can be made as strong and vigorous as the healthiest man or woman alive. The Sandow System of Scientific Exercise cures 94 in every 100 cases treated, and gives substantial relief in 99 in every 100 cases. Surely the treatment which records so high a percentage of successful results is worthy of investigation by every man or woman in ill-health, particularly as there is no charge for inquiry, which can be made either by calling at the Sandow Institute, 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W., or by writing there to Mr. Sandow for a gratis copy of the particular volume in the Sandow Illustrated Health Library (given below) which deals with your illness or condition.

Therefore all who are ill or ailing will certainly be well advised to read carefully the following particulars, and look into a method of treatment which may restore them to sound health and vigorous manhood and womanhood.

Arrangements have been made for everyone, whether resident in London, the country, or the Colonies, who does not enjoy perfect health, to receive without any charge an explanatory illustrated booklet describing the medicineless cure of illness and an individual letter upon the case.

The Titles of the Books on Health mentioned are:—

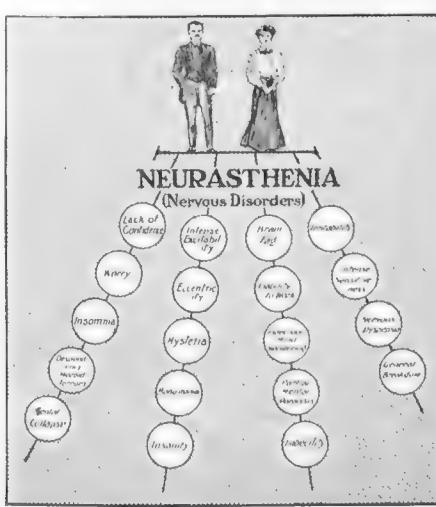
1. Indigestion and Dyspepsia.
2. Constipation and its Cure.
3. Liver Troubles.
4. Nervous Disorders in Men.
5. Nervous Disorders in Women.
6. Obesity in Men.
7. Obesity in Women.
8. Heart Affections.
9. Lung and Chest Complaints.
10. Rheumatism and Gout.
11. Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure.
12. Kidney Disorder: Functional and Chronic.
13. Lack of Vigour.
14. Physical Deformities in Men.
15. Physical Deformities in Women.
16. Functional Defects in Speech.
17. Circulatory Disorders.
18. Skin Disorders.
19. Physical Development for Men.
20. Everyday Health.
21. Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments.
22. Figure Culture for Women.
23. Insomnia.
24. Neurasthenia.

Those whose nervous systems are not what they might be should also not fail to secure an opinion.

Weak hearts, weak backs, curved spines, obesity, uric acid complications, weak chests, and other physical deficiencies, indeed too many illnesses to name here, can be remedied by scientific exercises.

There will be no charge whatever made for either the booklet or opinion as to the suitability of their cases for medicineless treatment, nor any obligation to adopt the advice given.

In order to take advantage of this arrangement, which is open to readers of any age, or to parents on behalf of their children, it is only necessary to call at the Sandow Institute, or to write, mentioning "The Sketch," naming the book required, fully describing your health requirements, and giving age, occupation, etc., to Mr. Eugen Sandow, 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W.



THE ROAD TO NERVOUS COLLAPSE. The different effects of neglected nervous disorders in either man or woman depicted stage by stage until the final result is reached. Any of the volumes mentioned in the next column which deal with nervous disorders will show how they may be prevented and cured by scientific exercise.

Now study Chart 4. It shows you the terrible



Exceedingly few persons die of old age. The proportion compared with those who die from pulmonary complaints in their various forms is shown in the above chart. At the Sandow Institute and by correspondence, such complaints as are mentioned above are amongst those daily treated with the greatest success.

Particulars of the treatment are given in the books mentioned below, copies of which will be sent free to all who apply for them.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

THE PROBLEM OF THE SMALL HOLDING.

A FORTNIGHT ago I wrote on this page about the difficulties with which small landowners and farmers are faced by the threatened development of the Small Holdings Act. I pointed out that farmers are threatened with the loss of valuable land without any corresponding reduction in their general labour bill, that there is no accommodation for additional workmen to fill the gaps left by Small Holders, and no money to build fresh cottages. I suggested, too, that there was a remedy for the evil plight of those who own, or farm, land, but I had no space in which to discuss it. The chance comes now.

If men seek Small Holdings it is simply because they are not satisfied with agricultural wages, and this is not surprising. In many parts of the country the weekly wage is thirteen shillings, to which must be added the piecework of harvest, for which a capable hand can take six to seven pounds; and in some parts, where the discontent is least marked, a cottage rent free, a grant of potatoes, and free cartage for coal. Whatever the wage may average, it is not enough for the working man who has a wife and a large family. Horsemen get a little more than the others, but they and the stockmen, who are not quite so well off, must work seven days a week in return for the higher wage. For the most part, low farming is the rule in England. The farmers who earn a few hundreds a year by way of interest on their capital outlay employ as little labour as possible; they rely, as far as their purses will allow them, upon modern labour-saving machinery, of which many do not take sufficient care. It is no uncommon experience to find a farm of four hundred acres worked by eight men, and old farmers recall the fact that their fathers employed twice as many hands as they do. Now the loss to the man who farms four or five hundred acres when a slice of his land and one or two of his best hands are taken from him is bound to be considerable—far more than he would suffer if he raised the wages of, let us say, his eight men by half-a-crown a week all round.

Briefly put, it is a rise in wages that would, I think, solve the problem with which farmer and small landowner are now brought face to face. In cases where the landowner is depending upon his long-standing and reliable tenants, a reduction of one shilling per acre in the rent would enable him to meet the farmer half-way; and for the rest, it is safe to say that the farmer who called his men together and told them he was about to raise their wages by half-a-crown a week in return for more devoted labour and greater personal interest in the work done would soon recover his

share of the expenditure, just as the landowner would benefit, even though indirectly, by the better handling of his fields.

In many parts of the country I see men going about their work in a very half-hearted fashion, and with but little love for their masters. They suffer from the crowning injustice of losing time in bad weather, and the man whose total earnings do not average sixteen shillings a week cannot afford to do this. It means lack of the necessities of life for wife and little ones, and is a sign of bad or incomplete farming, for your good farmer may be heard to boast that his men never lose a day, while others whose knowledge of their business is less complete are heard to declare that bad weather involves a loss that the men must share. Discussing the suggestion briefly outlined here with all sorts and conditions of men whose interests are in the land, I have met with a more encouraging response than might have been expected. Several landowners have agreed that such a plan might benefit the countryside; several farmers have agreed to the principle in theory, while making haste to add that financially it is quite impossible. But even from among these I have succeeded more than once in getting an admission that the spread of the Small Holding and the withdrawal from their service of men whom it would be difficult—perhaps impossible—to replace would involve them in a greater loss than the one proposed. There is yet another side to the question—one that they overlook. If skilled labour becomes scarce, it will command a higher price; good men will be attracted from one farm to another by the prospect of another shilling or two each week; and, in the end, the farmer who will not take time by the forelock may find that he is doing on compulsion, and without any corresponding benefit, what he might do now as an act of grace and to his own great advantage, for if the men were better satisfied they would not want to take the risks attaching to a Small Holding.

I have tried the plan for myself; man or boy who works for me receives a wage slightly higher than he could get elsewhere; and if I want an extra hand, even for a couple of months, in the height of summer, I can get the pick of the district, while the difference in the wages-bill at the end of the year is quite a trifling matter. To be sure, I have never employed more than four men at any time. But I have but a few acres; those who employ more look for, and obtain, a far bigger return. It is not unreasonable to suggest that, if either political party in the State would encourage a measure that would benefit agricultural labour all round, they would score a big point. But, of course, these proposals stand on a higher ground than that of mere political expediency. If successful, they would attract men to the land, reduce the farmer's legitimate anxiety, and change the face of rural England.

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LONDON, E.C. Hartmann's Protective Apron, for use with Sanitary Towels—a
very useful adjunct to every Lady's Toilet—2/- each; post free, 2/1/2.

GENERAL NOTES.

"YOU always make me feel that you are my exact idea of an Englishwoman," wrote Cecil Rhodes to his "dear Duchess." The compliment is quoted in Sir Lewis Michell's Life of the Colossus. But it is left at "My dear Duchess." Why the mystery? To the many who know her identity the omission does not count; it is merely futile. For those who do not, it robs the letter of more than half its charm. That Rhodes saw in a certain lady his ideal of an Englishwoman is hardly worth reporting, unless one knows who she was, and that she was renowned for good works—a lady whose "idleness" (to use her own too-humble phrase about her occupations) is of much more account to the community than most men's labour. The lady in question not long ago was, strangely enough, the recipient of yet another veiled compliment—the unlabelled sonnets of an illustrious poet.

His Majesty the King has graciously consented (through his Grace the Duke of Abercorn, K.G.) to become patron of the West London Hospital, Hammersmith Road, W., in succession to King Edward. The Queen's mother, the Princess Mary Adelaide Duchess

of Teck, always took a warm interest in this institution, where there is a ward (the Mary Adelaide) bearing her name.

If all employers followed the example of the proprietors of the "White Horse" Whisky, the difficulties of the Territorials would largely disappear. At their Lagavulin Distillery the firm have just paid the annual bonus of £2 which, with full pay and the usual holiday in addition, is given to each employee who becomes efficient in the Territorials. Fifty per cent. of the firm's employees, including practically all the young men, have become members of the Territorials since this encouragement was introduced.

The Hawthorne Silver and Iron Mines, Ltd., was formed on Dec. 9, 1909, with a capital of £3,000,000, divided into 15,000,000 Ordinary shares of 4s. each, primarily to acquire 17,237 acres of iron ore properties and 5,863 acres of silver properties in the province of Ontario, Canada. The prospectus states that a water-power, capable of 4000-h.p., within six miles of the iron mines, is owned by the Company. A report by Mr. Carr Harris, one of the Company's engineers, is included in the prospectus. The Company states that four diamond drills are at work proving the silver properties. Five-hundred thousand shares of one dollar (4s.) each are being offered for subscription at par. The list will close on Nov. 12.

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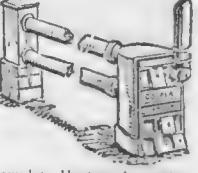
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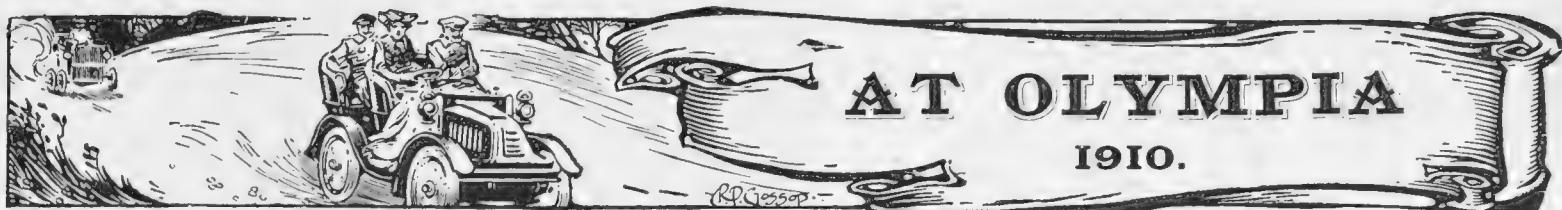
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A GUIDE TO THE SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE SOCIETY OF MOTOR MANUFACTURERS AND TRADERS' NINTH INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA (NOV. 4-12).—II.

In this, the second issue of the *Sketch* Olympia Show Supplement, further stands and exhibits which are of real interest to the motorist are indicated and described, as far as space permits. Again, in the stands particularly indicated, nothing of a startlingly novel character will be found. The indications are, however, on the whole, of a more satisfactory character, for in lieu of running after strange gods, as was once considered necessary, motor-car manufacturers have, most commendably, concentrated their attention on improvement in detail, simplicity, and accessibility. The latter is an attribute upon which too much stress cannot be laid, notwithstanding the fact that day by day motor-cars become more and more reliable, and the necessity for getting at their internals grows less and less. But when weighing up this particular subject, the intending purchaser should bear in mind that accessibility—not suggested, but real accessibility—means a great reduction in overhauling and repairs bills, when the time arrives for these to be incurred. It is labour that costs in these matters, and the difference between the methods of, say, gear-box carriage, when in one case the part can be dismounted in half-an-hour and another takes half-a-day, should have serious consideration. This cautionary advice refers, of course, not only to gear-boxes, but to engines, crank-chambers, clutches, and back axles. Visitors should not omit to make a careful tour of the galleries, not only for the purpose of examining the many varied accessories, but, by giving attention to the tyre stands, to pick up wrinkles with regard to tyre manipulation and repair which will frequently serve them in good stead.

Good Goodrichs. Good undoubtedly as to quality are the Goodrich tyres, and they are Rich in the effect which follows careful design and much research as to composition and method of manufacture. Primarily, it will be noticed that the Goodrich tyres appear quite soft and supple to the touch on the tread, which, it is stated, is due to the peculiar patent process in which they are cured, and because of the fact that less mineral matter than usual is mixed with the pure rubber. This soft silkiness of the outer surface gives a "springy" tread over stones and other obstructions, without the liability to cuts that a harder surface incurs under the circumstances. In the steel-studded tyres, the bases of the studs rest upon a double thickness of soft rubber, which separates them from the carcase of the tyre beneath. The firm, however, pride themselves particularly upon their rubber-studded tyre, which is an excellent non-skid and is, moreover, extremely durable. The Goodrich Quick Detachable Tyre is also a feature of the stand, and should not be missed, for it can be removed and applied without the aid of tools of any kind. This is effected by a detachable ring with hooked ends, which engage the rim proper through a slot. On these being released, the ring is freed from the rim, leaving a flat place for the tyre to slide upon and over. The attachment is made with equal ease and certainty, and the engagement of the hooked ends of the ring with the holes in the rim prevents it from working loose. The Goodrich Quick Detachable Cover has a flap to protect the inner tube and guard against nipping. The samples of tyre-repairs should be examined, for the Goodrich firm make a specialty of tyre-repair,

and employ a method of their own which practically rejuvenates any old tyres submitted to them.

Austrian Daimlers. Prominent upon the stand of the Austrian Daimler Company will be seen a facsimile of the 27.2-h.p. Austrian Daimler which performed so well in the last contest for the Prince Henry Trophy. It is evident that both chassis and body are designed for speed. The engine will well repay careful examination by those who are interested in speedy motors. The cylinders, which are 105 mm. bore by 165 mm. stroke, are single, with the valves set at 45 degrees on each side of the combustion-head. These valves are operated by an enclosed overhead cam-shaft, driven from the crank-shaft by worm-gear and a vertical spindle. Each cylinder has separate exhaust-branches, flanged for air cooling. Friedman lubrication is fitted. A multi-disc clutch of fine design conveys the drive to a four-speed gearbox, and thence by chains to the back wheels. As we have suggested, the mechanical detail of this car will well repay examination. There is also shown the new 16.18-h.p. Austrian Daimler, with its *en bloc* engine, all valves on left-hand side and cast flanged exhaust-trunks. It has a Friedman lubricator, multi-disc clutch with flexible joint, three-speed gear-box, and propeller-shaft running in torque column. The steering-standard can be set in three positions. A remarkable point is the coupling of the ignition and throttle movement, by which the ignition is advanced as the throttle is opened, or vice-versa.

The Hotchkiss It was said at some previous exhibition that the Hotchkiss car was a triumph of great care and skill, and might have come out of the hands of a jeweller of the Rue de la Paix. If some allowance is made for French exaggeration, the visitor to the Show will admit that the encomiums are not undeserved. The design, material, and workmanship presented in these cars are of the best, and worthy of the well-known types, a new type in the shape of the 20-30-h.p. six-cylinder Hotchkiss will be shown. In this chassis the cylinders are cast in pairs, having a stroke of 95 mm. by 110 mm., while the crank-shaft is carried in four bearings. The Hotchkiss carburetter, which is provided with an automatic additional air-valve, controlled by a vacuum chamber, is placed on the right of the engine, and is hot-water-jacketed. The inlets pass round the forward face of each cylinder through the body of the casting, so that the incoming mixture is warmed in the passage. An Eisemann magneto is placed on the left-hand side of the engine, as is the water-pump, the magneto being set very accessibly in the centre of the engine. A leather cone-clutch of good design and a four-speed gear-box are provided, and the drive to the back axle is by propeller-shaft and bevel gearing in the usual way. Special attention has been given to rendering this engine noiseless in running, and this end would appear to have been attained. The other interesting types of Hotchkiss cars will be found altered in detail only, but will exhibit that care in design and construction that has gained for them their present excellent reputation in this country. The cars are exhibited by the British concessionaires, the London and Parisian Motor Company.

[Continued overleaf.]



AN IMPORTANT INVASION OF CANADA: THE CHARTER GRANTED TO CHARLES JARROTT AND LETTS, LTD., AS "A BODY CORPORATE AND POLITIC" IN THE DOMINION. Messrs. Charles Jarrott and Letts, Ltd., are, they believe, the first English motor firm to obtain a charter in Canada; certainly they are the first selling-agents.

OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW.



STAND No. 54.

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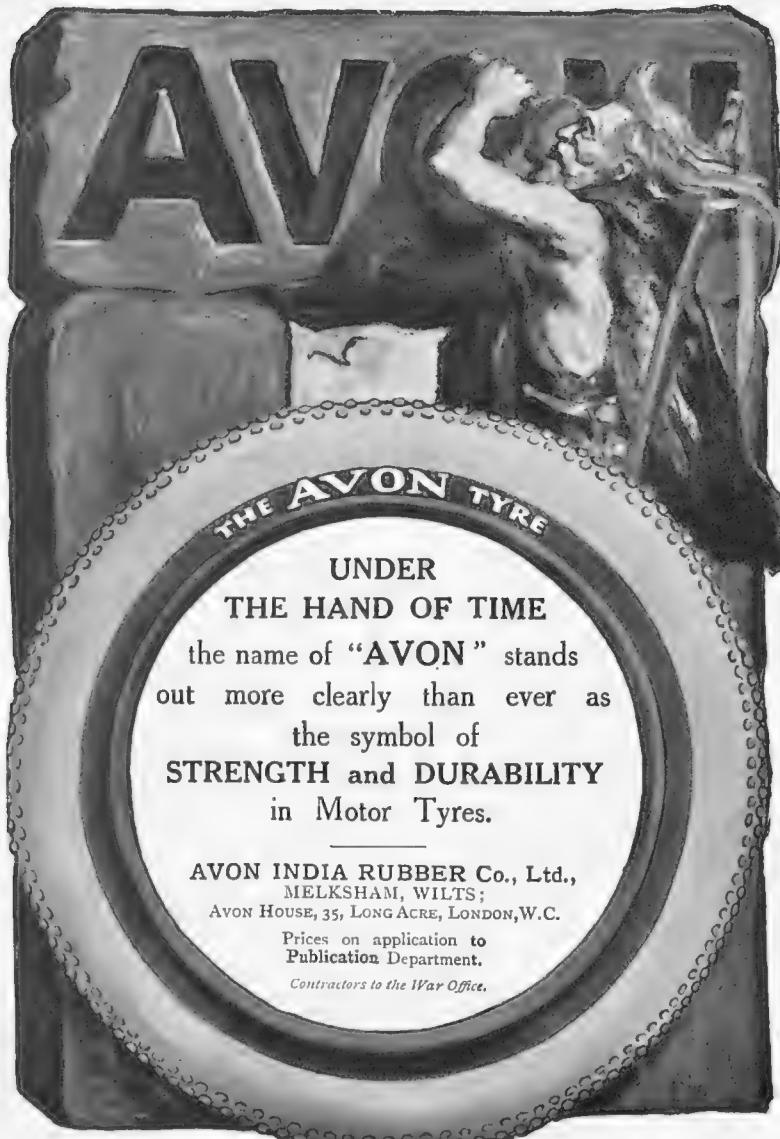
STAND No. 75.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has graciously accorded the Daimler Company permission to exhibit at their London Showrooms, 27 and 28, Pall Mall, during the Olympia Show Week, her new 38-h.p. DAIMLER with Hooper body.

THE DAIMLER MOTOR Co. (1904), Ltd.

THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS Co., Ltd.

COVENTRY & BIRMINGHAM.



You cannot have experienced the full pleasures of motoring if you have not driven a

Silent Panhard

Its flexibility, silence, simplicity, and strength ensure to the utmost the delights of motoring whilst eliminating completely all anxieties.

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Olympia Show, Stand No.

43

Armstrong-Whitworth Cars. Visitors to the Show who are interested in the most finished examples of automobile engineering should not fail to visit the stand upon which Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co., Ltd., stage three finished cars and two polished chassis, one of them, the 17·9-h.p. car, being an entirely new model, specially designed for the carriage of heavy bodies. Notwithstanding this fact, I understand that the chassis weighs 15 cwt. only, a great recommendation, inasmuch as it stands for economy both in petrol and tyres. The bore of the engine is 85 mm. and the stroke 100 mm., with a wheel-base of 9 ft. 8 in. and wheel-gauge of 4 ft. 6 in. Detachable wire wheels are fitted. The 25-h.p. chassis is, I understand, but little varied from the 1910 type, but is, nevertheless, well worthy of examination. The three completed cars comprise a flush-sided three-quarter limousine landaulette on a 25-h.p. chassis, a flush-sided landaulette on a 17·9 chassis, and a flush-sided touring-body on a 15·9 chassis, the latter making a particularly attractive touring-car.

Lanchester Cars. Originality has always been the watchword of the house of Lanchester, and while the well-known Lanchester individuality is retained in the new 38-h.p. car which is shown by the Lanchester Motor Company, it will be noted



A MOST FINISHED EXAMPLE OF AUTOMOBILE ENGINEERING:
THE 22-H.P. ARMSTRONG - WHITWORTH.

It will be noted that the particular car illustrated has a landaulette body and side-entrance doors to the driver's seat.

No. 56. Those who take pride in one of the, if not the, best efforts of British automobile engineering will linger long over this splendid production of thought and skill. The main features which marked the first introduction of this *automobile-de-luxe* are retained in the present exhibit, for the reason that the design was right from the commencement, and no need has arisen to deviate from it. The



AS AN OPEN CARRIAGE: THE 28-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER LANCHESTER THREE-QUARTER LANDAULETTE.

The Lanchester firm is nothing if not original, and it is evident that their famous cars offer improvements in detail for 1911 over the models of 1910. The stand is attracting much attention.

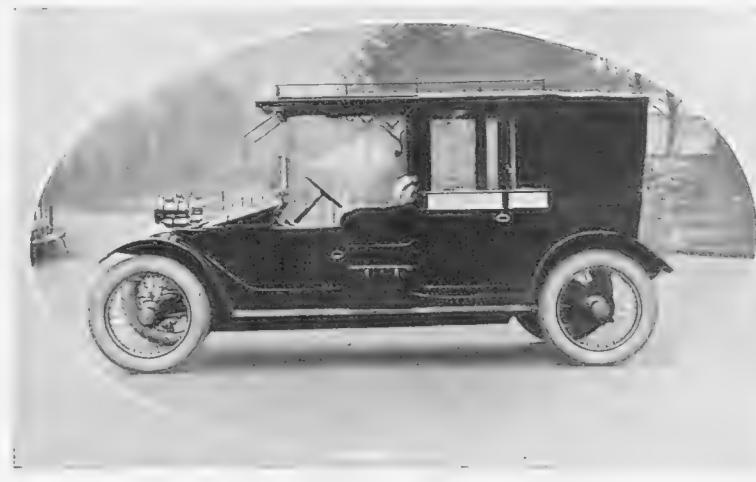
by those who are more or less acquainted with Lanchester detail that several improvements have been effected. These improvements are all in the direction of simplicity, accessibility, and durability. Although the chassis follows standard construction, in place of the four longitudinal members previously used, only two are now employed, which take the form to a certain extent of the orthodox channel frame, contracted in width at the front end to give sufficient angle of lock to the steering-wheels, so that the chassis is simplified and greater accessibility given to the carriage springs and flexible joints, which are all completely dirt-proof and grease-retaining. By this construction the chassis design is more adaptable to different types of body-work, the frame being entirely flush on its top surface; and, the members being extended up to the rear axle, it is peculiarly suitable for the interchange of town and country bodies on the same chassis. The

other improvements are—petrol-feed to carburettor by mechanically driven pump, the flywheel entirely enclosed in crank-case, oil pressure-feed pump with accessible strainer gauze, while the change-gear and brake levers are now set within the body-work. The accelerator-pedal, clutch and brake pedals are adjustable.

The two last-named improvements are also evident in the 28-h.p. Lanchester. A six-cylinder unit includes engine, gear-box, clutch and brake, with Lanchester worm gear as staged; while in body-work improvements we have the location of Cape cart hood screens, special locker accommodation, and pillarless canopies with tubular-frame glass screens. The visitor on the look-out for a car which is efficient, reliable, and luxurious will do well to consider the Lanchester exhibit.

The Superlative Rolls-Royce. A superlatively beautiful

40-50-h.p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce car is the sole, but none the less sufficient, exhibit upon Stand



AS A CLOSED CARRIAGE: THE 28-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER LANCHESTER THREE-QUARTER LANDAULETTE.

student of Rolls-Royce practice will, however, notice that the magneto and high-tension switches and the petrol-control have been removed from the dashboard, and set upon the steering-wheel over the throttle and ignition sectors. The pressure-gauges are now made flush with the dashboard, and do not project beyond it. The adjustment of the rear brakes has been still further simplified and improved. Shock-absorbers are now fitted to both axles. The magneto sparking-plugs are now set in the centre of the combustion-chambers, the high-tension plugs remaining in the valve-caps. Parts of this exquisite chassis are shown separately.

All-British The main feature of **Kempshalls.** the Kempshall Stand is, of course, the now well-known Ribbed Tyre, which issued from the R.A.C. Non-Skid Trials with flying colours; but, in addition to this tyre, there is the Anti-Skid, which is on the same



THE ONLY EXHIBIT ON STAND 56: THE 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER ROLLS-ROYCE. The Rolls-Royce car here illustrated is the only exhibit on Stand 56. It retains the main features of the original automobile-de-luxe of its class and name.

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TO

STAND 47

To inspect our 1911 Cars at the Olympia Motor Show, November 4th to 12th, 1910

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DAINTY MOTOR MILLINERY

MODEL No. H.

In blue peau-de-soie, richly braided on crown and brim in key pattern. Trimmed smart cocarde of navy blue edged braid.

PRICE 31/-



DUNHILL'S

MANCHESTER: 88, CROSS ST. GLASGOW: 2 CONDUIT ST...LONDON, W 72, ST. VINCENT ST.

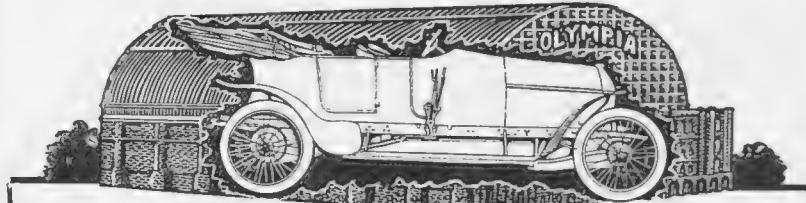


These and many other charming models may be seen in our showrooms.

MODEL No. H 4118.

In folded "Nattier" blue satin, trimmed brown squirrel, and black satin bows and strings.

PRICE 45/-



THE ONE CAR IN OLYMPIA

THAT WILL REPAY CAREFUL STUDY IS THE

AUSTRIAN DAIMLER

1911 MODELS.

15 H.P., 16-18 H.P., 25-30 H.P., 50-60 H.P., AND PRINCE HENRY MODEL.

In these are embodied all the features of the AUSTRIAN DAIMLERS which achieved the PHENOMENAL SUCCESSES at the PRINCE HENRY TROPHY COMPETITION this year. Cars which, in a field of 121 Competitors—comprising the World's best makes—carried off the FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD PRIZES, in addition to WINNING ALL SPEED TESTS. The 1911 Models are built upon identical principles, but adapted to meet the requirements of a Chassis to cover every possible want for everyday use in either Town or Country,

and constitute:

in Speed
in Construction
in Resilience
in Comfort
in Everything

Absolutely the highest order of car yet evolved in any type or in any make the world throughout.

Stand 31. Underneath the Band.

OFFICES—15-16, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.
Telephone—8719 Gerrard.

GARAGE—31, FOLEY STREET, W.
Telephone—5894 Gerrard.

principle as the Non-Skid, except that it has a round tread; and rubber studs on either side of the tread conduce to its non-skidding qualities. This cover, notwithstanding the enhanced price of rubber, is made with a thicker tread for 1911. The new feature, however, is the Grooved Cover, with tread compressed by a special form of manufacture, which results in cuts and gashes closing up rather than gaping as usual. Another Kempshall novelty is the combined Steel and Rubber-Studded Cover, designed for those who have a weakness for this form of tread. Farnsworth Liners, which will reduce a tyre-bill by one-third; the Patent Compound Pump, the Instantaneous Tyre-Tester, and the Kempshall Patent Spiked Patches are also shown. Last, but not least, is the Patent Bolt Valve, dispensing with the ordinary irritating security-bolts.

The New De Dietrich. In the well-proportioned 18-20-h.p. chassis a considerable departure from the usual De Dietrich practice will be found. In design the chassis has been brought right up to, and indeed, rather in advance of, up-to-date practice. This is evident by the three-point suspension of the engine and the three-point suspension of the gear-box, both units being so slung from the frame that no torsion of the latter can affect their individual alignment. The engine is cast *en bloc*, with a flanged exhaust-trunk bolted to the cylinder-casting. All the valves are on the left-hand side, and thermo-syphon cooling, with very large inlets and tapered outlets, is employed. The fan is carried on a spring-retained swinging bracket, so that the belt is always tight. The crank-chamber is divided into two compartments, with separate fillers. A universally jointed member

position, to be as perfect as possible, varies, of course, with every driver and every car.

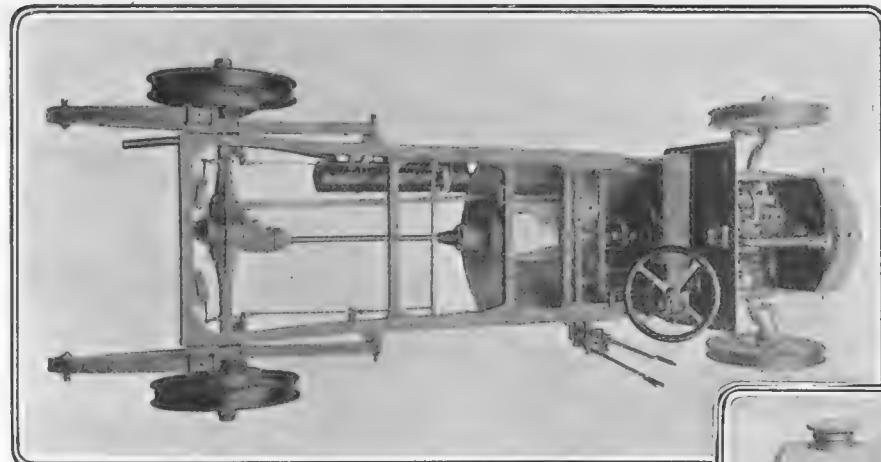
Dunhill's Motorities. On the Dunhill stand, in the Gallery, will be found a very large range of the numerous and attractive accessories which are offered to the motorist by this world-renowned firm. It is their pleasure to boast that they are universal providers to the motorist to the extent of supplying everything but the car, and it will be hard indeed to find any article necessary to an automobilist's equipment which is not embraced by their stock. They claim to supply all that is best in motor clothing and accessories, and this claim would certainly appear to be warranted by the excellent range of exhibits found upon their stand. A particular feature is made of well-designed and well-cut liveries, the "Lancer" waist overcoat making a particularly smart garment, while the leather cloth aprons, and in particular the "Freer" apron,

should have careful attention. A fine range of lamps and head-lights is shown.

Dunlops at Olympia. In the company's own words, "there is little that is new about the Dunlop exhibit" in the

Gallery, though a great deal of it is attractive. The Standard Dunlop tyres remain as before, and are shown to prove that the highest manufacturing skill and the finest possible materials go to their construction. For those who are not acquainted with that ingenious invention the Dunlop Detachable Rim, this, of course, is exhibited, and is demonstrated upon the stand. The latest introduction, the Dunlop Detachable

Wheel, is also shown in a greatly improved form, by reason of certain alterations which have been suggested by the larger experience of independent motorists. This wheel now presents greater strength and security, without the sacrifice of simplicity, which from the beginning has been one of its special recommendations. The Dunlop Accessory section will attract a large number of motorists who, gifted with mechanical constructive instincts, are keen on their own tyre-repairs. There are the new security patches, which need no vulcanisation, single and double spread patches, cover-stopping, tyre-gaiters and tyre-sections for repair, tyre-bands, and most compact tyre-outfits. The security-bolt-protector, which excludes damp of all kinds, is a fitting with which all cars should be provided. There

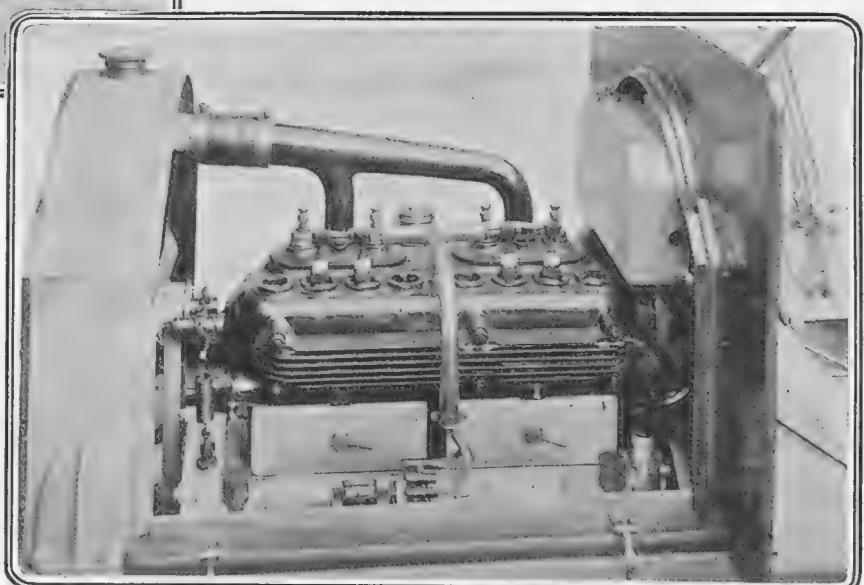


A WELL-PROPORTIONED CAR: THE 18-20-H.P. DE DIETRICH.

There has been a considerable departure from the usual De Dietrich practice in the construction of this car, the design of which is extraordinarily up to date.

connects the clutch and the gear-box. The back axle is of excellent design, and is stiffened by a tension-rod. A V-shaped plate torque member is fitted. The frame is carried on three-quarter elliptical springs at the rear, and semi-elliptical at the front, "Sphinx" shock-absorbers being provided to the back axle. There are other interesting points, which the visitor to the stand will discover upon an examination of this well-proportioned chassis.

The Rotax Accessories. Many and varied are the accessories presented to interested visitors by the Rotax Motor Accessories Company, but chief among them all I would draw attention to a most excellent and praiseworthy attempt to produce a satisfactory wind-shield for the scuttle-dash of a torpedo flush-sided body. An important feature of this device is the ingeniously convenient locking arrangement, which permits the driver or his companion to adjust the angle of the screen without rising from the seat. Between the vertical and horizontal positions this screen can be firmly secured at a dozen different angles, so that in wet weather it can be adjusted at the highest possible sheltering point consonant with the driver just getting a sufficient driving view over the top edge. This

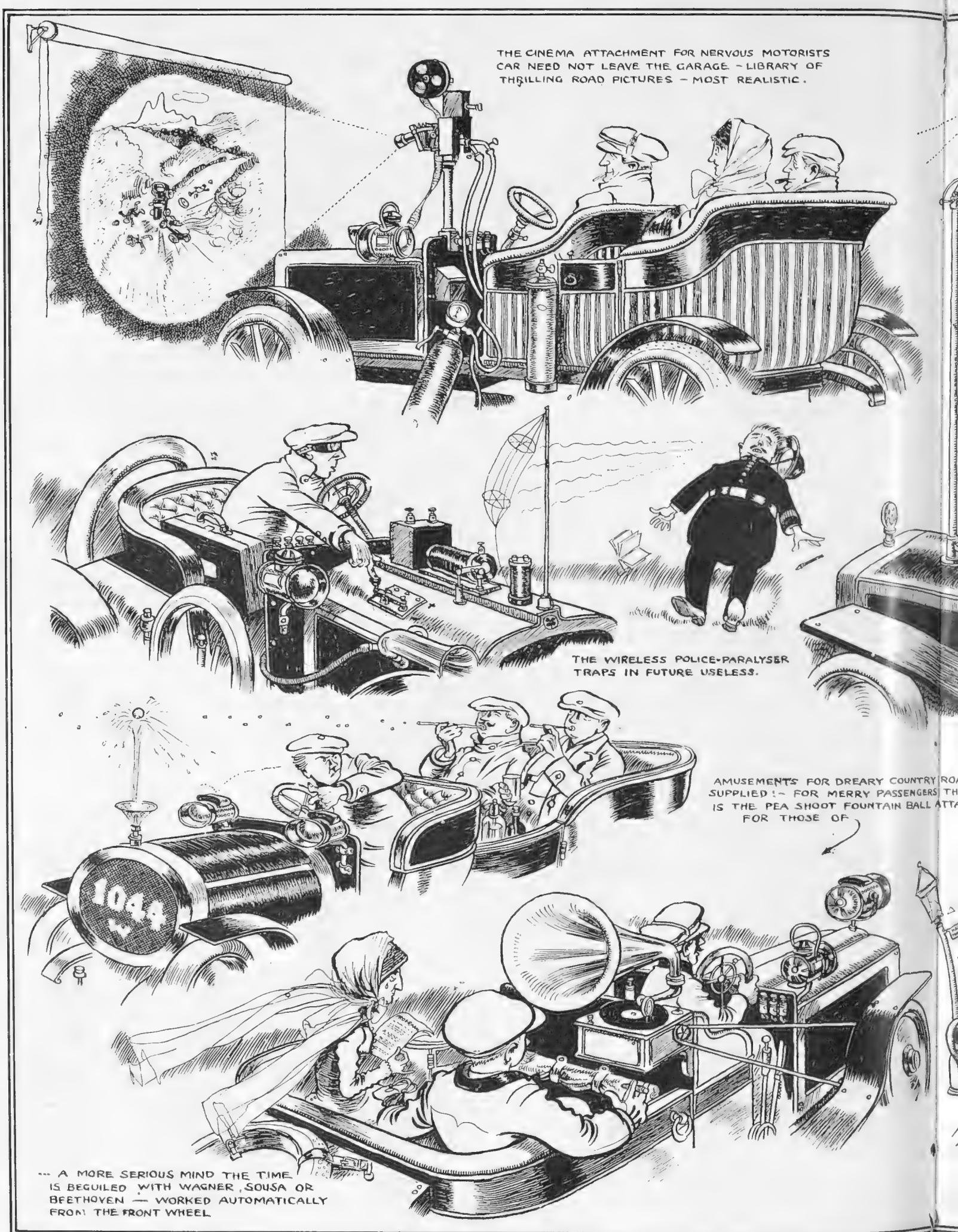


THE NEW 18-20-H.P. DE DIETRICH: ITS ENGINE.

The three-point suspension of the engine and of the gear-box is a feature of the new car. The engine is cast *en bloc*.

are many other tyre-accessories of interest, to which want of space prevents reference. "Pneumatic," the tyre-filling which has been sponsored by the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company, is shown. It is steadily growing in favour, and is adopted by many motorists both at home and abroad. Pneumatic is a spongy material.

“SKETCH” PATENTS: FULLY PROTECT

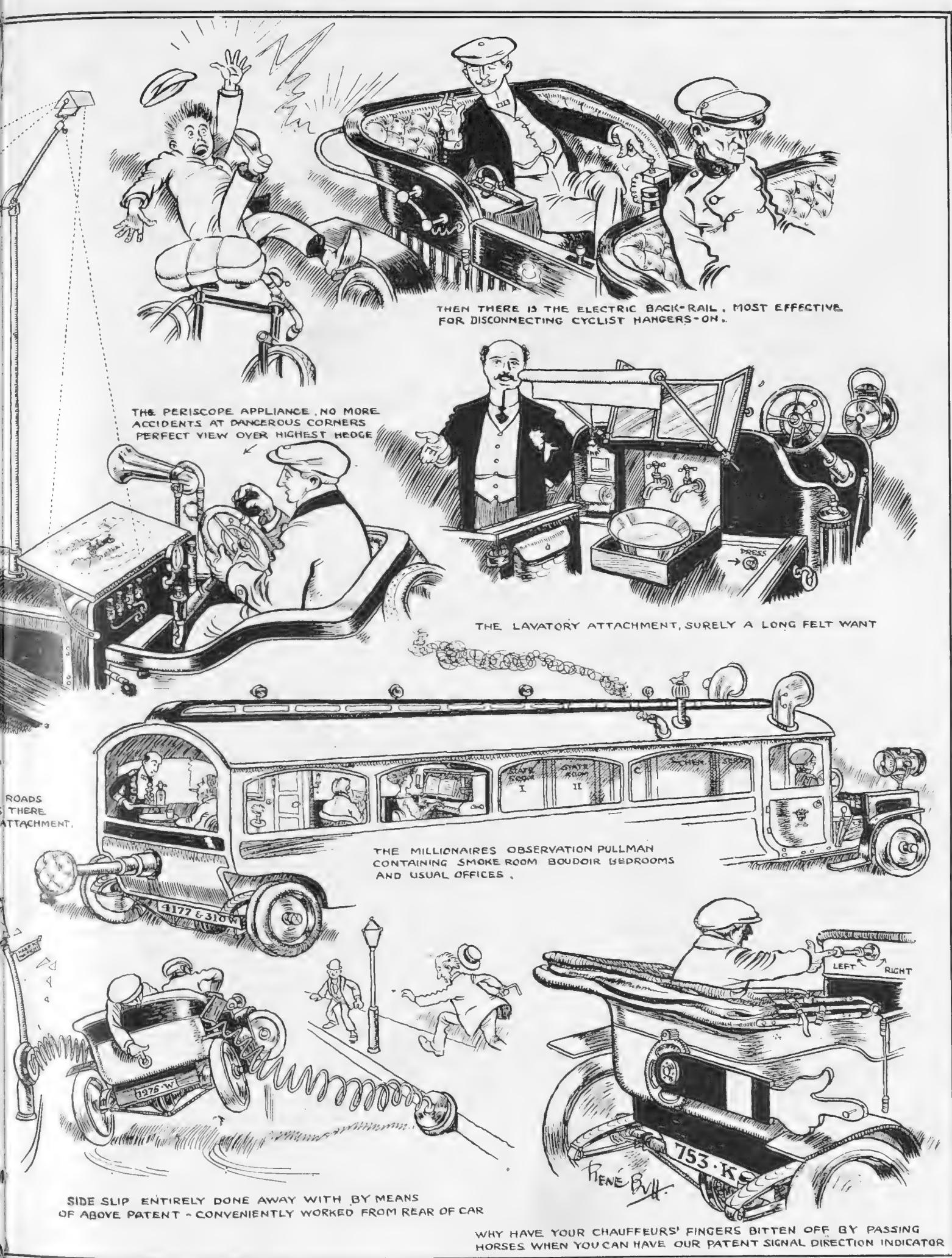


REAL ENJOYMENT FOR THE BLASÉ MOTORIST:

Our readers need not expect to find the devices here illustrated at Olympia: even the most up-to-date of motor-shows dare not be more up-to-

DRAWN BY RENÉ

TED - NOT ON SHOW AT OLYMPIA.



ST: DEVICES SPECIALLY INVENTED FOR HIM.

More up-to-date than "The Sketch"! Possibly next year, or the following year, or the year after that, will prove us true prophets. Who can say?

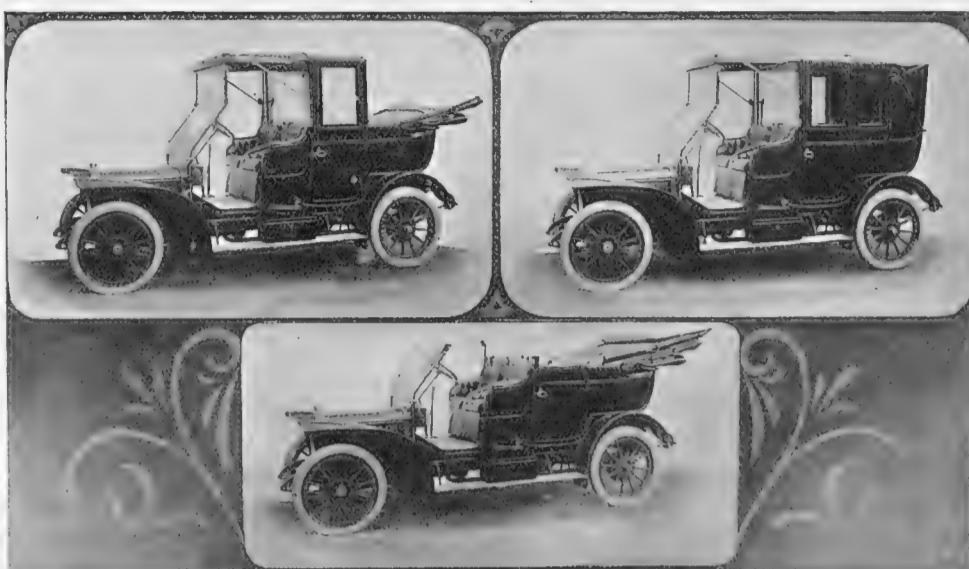
RENÉ BULL.

composed of myriads of minute cells, which are filled with air and hermetically sealed. With Pneumatic within the inner tube, a puncture has no terrors, and bursts do not occur. The experts of the R.A.C. have stated that it is difficult to decide between a pneumatic and a pneumatic-filled tyre when running over rough cobbles.

Talbots. No cars enjoy greater favour or deserve more careful consideration than the half-dozen which form the interesting exhibit of Messrs. Clement Talbot, Ltd.

Examples of four types are shown: the 12-h.p., Treasury rating 15.8, which thus brings the car within the four-guinea license fee; the 15-h.p., 20-h.p. T.r.; the 20-h.p., 23.8 T.r.; and the 25-h.p., 25.6 T.r. Of these, of course, the 12-h.p. is the latest introduction, and attracts a vast amount of attention. It will be noted that the pressed-steel frame is of excellent strength, narrowed at dashboard, and upswept, exactly as in the more powerful cars. The four-cylinder engine has a bore of 80 mm. and a stroke of 120 mm.—an excellent proportion, making for good hill-climbing powers. Force-feed lubrication by pump in crank-chamber sump is provided, and grease-lubricators are fitted to all spring-shackles. A specially commendatory feature of this low-powered chassis is the provision of a four-speed gear-box, with direct drive on the fourth speed, and all shafts running on ball bearings. The propeller-shaft is enclosed in a tubular torque member, and, what is somewhat unusual in a small model, radius-rods are also fitted. The 15-h.p. is a car which has done much to gain for the Clement Talbot Company its reputation for speed and hill-climbing powers. Its engine is 90 mm. by 140 mm., and it boasts two systems of ignition—high-tension Bosch, and coil and accumulator. Both systems are controlled from the steering-wheel by the Talbot patent fixed quadrant. The lubrication is pump-forced, and the clutch, which is of the leather-faced aluminium cone type, is fitted with the well-known Talbot patent disconnecting device. The transmission and back axle are on the lines of the smaller car. In the 20-h.p. we have a six-cylinder chassis, 80 mm. by 120 mm., two ignitions, forced circulation, in other

will be given daily at the stand of the Motor Supply Company, No. 223, in the Gallery.

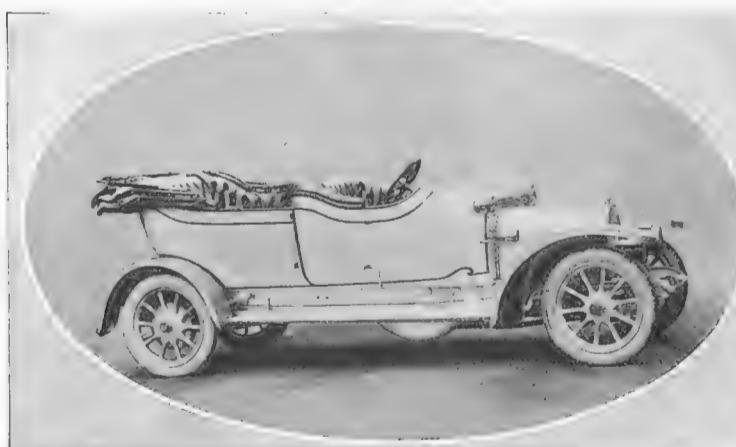


THE NEW CABRIO-LANDAULETTE BY MESSRS. MORGAN AND CO., LTD. THE THREE POSITIONS IN WHICH IT CAN BE USED, ON SHOW AT STAND NO. 50.

The photographs illustrate the three positions in which the "Morgan" new cabrio-landaulette (Hofmann's patent) can be used. The lower picture makes evident to what a small compass the whole of the hood folds when the car is used as an entirely open car, and shows the absence of any detachable portions. Owing to the very simple and ingenious manner in which the hood is constructed, vibration and rattle are claimed to be impossible.

No better cars issue from Italy than the Lancias, which are the production of a firm

directed by a man who is at once an able engineer and a master of the art of motor-car driving. Lancia's great driving feats are still fresh in the public mind, and the valuable practical knowledge gained by him in his racing career, coupled with his engineering abilities, are evidenced in the design and detail of the chassis exhibited by Messrs. W. L. Stewart and Co., Ltd. I strongly commend the examination of the 24-h.p. 1911 model Lancia chassis to all visitors to the Show who are keen on up-to-date automobile design, and I can promise them a mechanical treat in so doing. In addition to the naked chassis, two 24-h.p. Lancias are shown, carrying a three-quarter laudaulette and an



WELL WORTH CAREFUL CONSIDERATION: THE 20-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER CLEMENT-TALBOT.

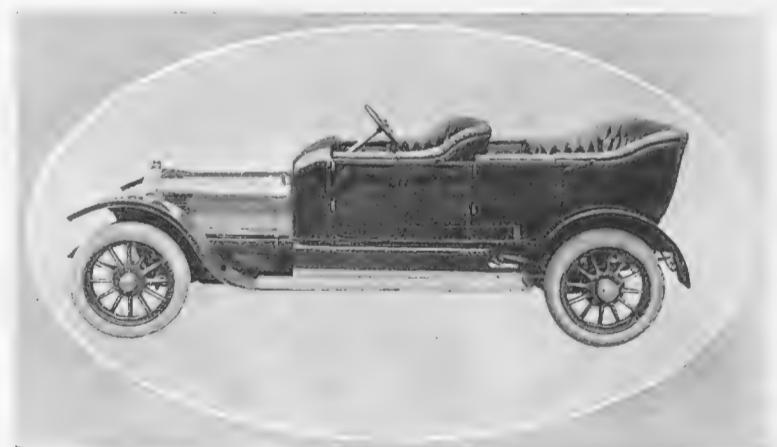
The Clement-Talbot Co. are showing six cars, representing four types—the 12-h.p., Treasury rating 15.8; the 15-h.p., Treasury rating 20-h.p.; the 20-h.p., Treasury rating 23.8; and the 25-h.p., Treasury rating 25.6. The 12-h.p. comes within the four-guinea license fee, is the latest introduction, and attracts much attention.

respects similar to the 15-h.p., with the exception, of course, of wheel-base, &c. The 25-h.p. is a four-cylinder car, bore 101.5, stroke 140, also similar in detail to its forerunners, but a very fine, powerful chassis, designed for the carriage of heavy town bodies. The 12-h.p. Talbot carries a specially finished rotund side-entrance body most tastefully and comfortably upholstered. The 20-h.p. has mounted upon it the latest type of Talbot torpedo body, and the 25-h.p. has a limousine landaulette of striking appearance. The Talbot mechanical detail can therefore be studied in its entirety from the 15-h.p. chassis.

The Segment Detachable Rim. A detachable rim in segments requires explanation and examination to convince the motorist of both its practicability and ease of handling. It is impossible in the space available to describe the ingenious construction and manipulation of this rim; but if the visitor's attention is drawn to its excellent qualities, he will doubtless be willing to make a careful examination for himself. Constructed on the segment principle, it undoubtedly eliminates the whole of the labour which the manipulation of tyres on whole rims invariably entails. Either on the road or in the motor-house, the stiffest covers can be fitted to or detached from the segment with the greatest ease, while road-delays brought about by punctures or bursts are reduced to a minimum, even when it is necessary to fit a new cover or tube. The change of an inner tube is a matter of a very few minutes, and does not involve the use of a tyre-lever. The segment rim will take any make of tyre, and can be carried on a spare rim ready fitted and inflated for use. It may be summed up in the remark that the rim is fitted to the tyre, and how this is done may be seen by

demonstrations which will be given daily at the stand of the Motor Supply Company, No. 223, in the Gallery.

Lancia Cars. In so doing. In addition to the naked chassis, two 24-h.p. Lancias are shown, carrying a three-quarter laudaulette and an



A THING OF GRACEFUL OUTLINE: THE NEW LANCIA.

The construction of the new Lancia chassis permits a graceful outline to be carried through, as the gate-change brake and gear levers are stationed easily in the inside, and it is thus possible for everything unsightly to be removed from the outside of the coachwork.

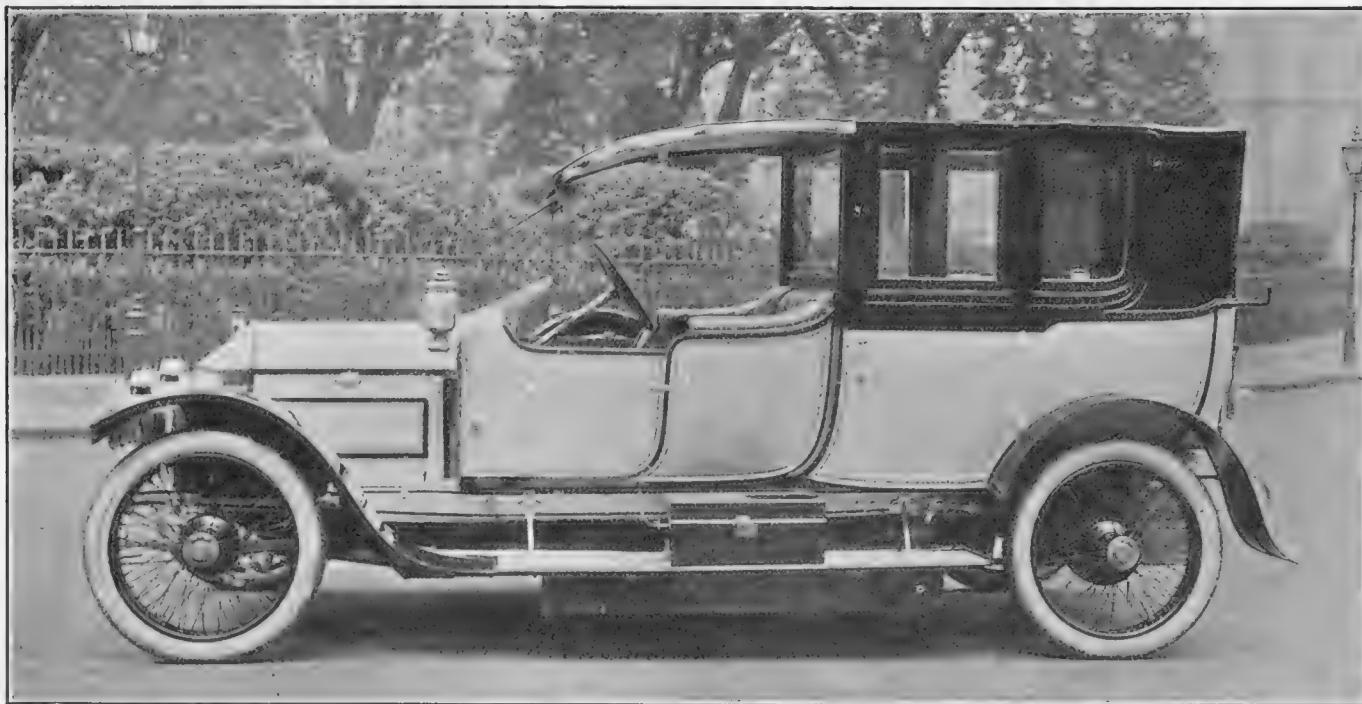
up-to-date flush-sided phaeton body respectively, by that finished body-builder, Maythorn, of Biggleswade.

Delaunay-Bellevilles. Dignity and Delaunay-Bellevilles are almost synonymous terms, for Olympia shelters no more impressive chassis than those turned out and staged by the great French engineering firm whose name they bear. Although they do not depart in any great particular from the 1910 types, they will nevertheless be found to exhibit a number of interesting improvements in detail. The six-cylinders, with the

METALLURGIQUE

"THE SCIENCE OF METALS."

VANDEN PLAS BODYWORK.



A faultless chassis supplemented by coach-work of inimitable grace and beauty.

1911 METALLURGIQUE MODELS:
14-h.p., 20-h.p., 26-h.p., 40-h.p., all four-cylinder

STAND
OLYMPIA, 74

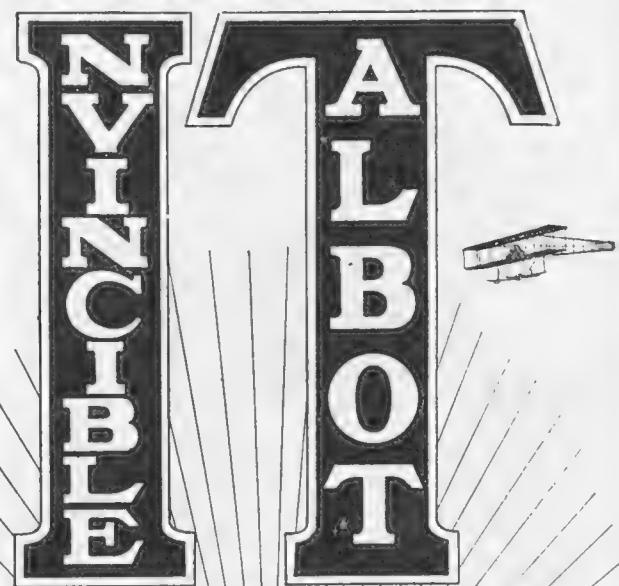
Telephone: 4280 Kensington.

WARWICK WRIGHT, Ltd.,

110, High St., Manchester Sq., London, W.

Telephone: 8574 Gerrard. Telegrams: "Lurgique, London."

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AT OLYMPIA

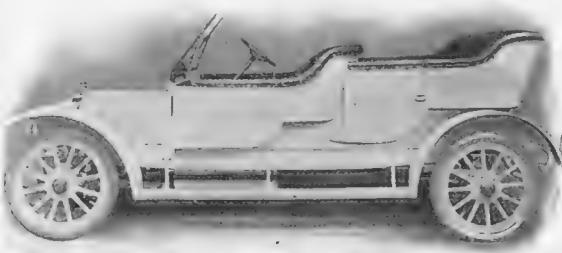


STAND N° 51.

Clement Talbot, Ltd., Barlby Road, N. Kensington, London, W.

Seekers after Comfort

will find in this beautiful and efficient



SUNBEAM CAR

the end of their quest. This, moreover, is the car which has won, during 1910, no fewer than 14 Cups, many Gold Medals, and other distinctions.

Here is a well-known doctor's statement:

"I made a point of securing not only efficiency and reliability but also comfort. This latter is necessary essential to the man who drives his own car daily—year in and year out. Thanks to the manner in which you have carried out my suggestion, this essential has in every case been obtained. The car can be driven all day without experiencing any leg or arm strains. She is well sprung, very sweet running, an excellent hill-climber, and steers beautifully. Above all, she holds the road extremely well, even at a pace exceeding forty miles per hour."

Original letter may be seen on request at our Works.

SEVERAL MAGNIFICENT MODELS

are exhibited at Olympia on our

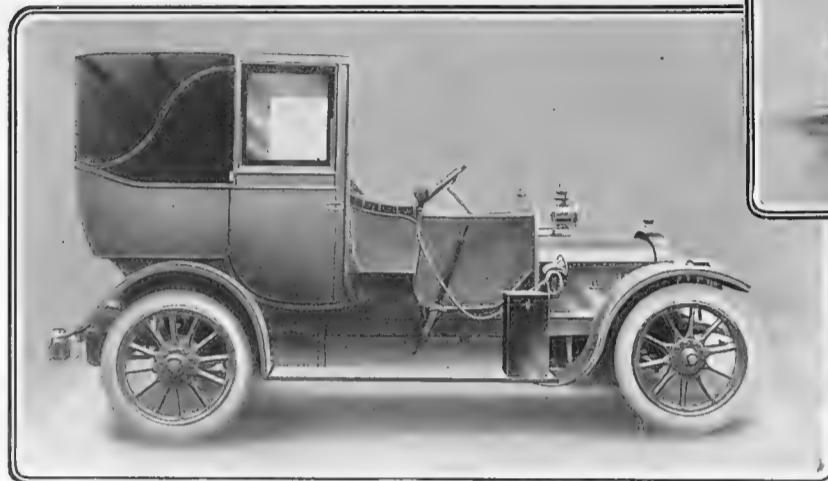
STAND 69

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR Co., Ltd.,
UPPER VILLIERS STREET, WOLVERHAMPTON.

Agents for London and District: J. KEELE, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W.

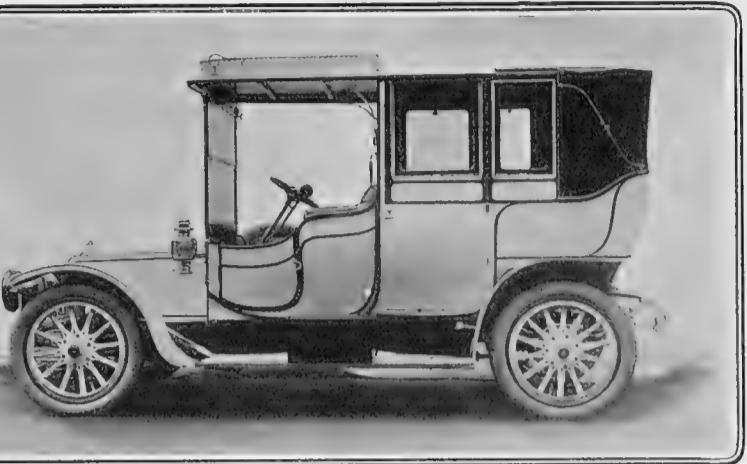
exception of the 15-h.p., are all cast in two groups of three, with enclosed valves, which on all hands is acknowledged to be the best practice in connection with a six-cylinder engine. The four-cylinder engines have the cylinders cast in pairs. The diameters of the shafts throughout have been materially increased in order to obviate vibration. All are provided with the special Delaunay-Belleville pressure system of lubrication, brought out in 1897, which has since been largely followed by other makers. The filter and the back-pressure valve are now placed on the upper portion of the crank-chamber, so rendering them easily accessible. A special silent coupling is now employed for the magneto. The clutch is of the male-cone type—leather surface with extremely simple adjustment, which is regulated by means of a single

of the firm stands for the use of steels of the finest quality, by which the weights of the chassis have been reduced to a minimum. The h.p.s of the various types are as follows—according to Treasury rating: 17-h.p., 19-h.p., 23-h.p., 26-h.p..



"ONE MODEL ONLY: VARIOUS TYPES OF BODIES": THE 15-H.P. STRAKER-SQUIRE. The Straker-Squire cars are all of the same horse-power—15, but have various types of bodies. The firm claim that after four years' concentration on the one model only, they have attained the perfection they aimed at when they adopted this policy. The 15-h.p. four-cylinder chassis with tyres is priced at £325.

screw. Propeller-shaft drive is employed on all the chassis, and ample provision made to counteract the torque on the back axle. The Delaunay-Bellevilles will be found to give evidence of extremely careful construction, while the warranty



SISTER OF A CAR VIEWED WITH INTEREST BY MANY AT OLYMPIA: AN 18-30-H.P. PANHARD.

The chassis, it may be noted, is fitted with a three-quarter landaulette body. 37-h.p., and 49-h.p. Of the 19-h.p. there are two models; of the 26-h.p. there are four models; and of the 37-h.p. and 49-h.p. three models each.

The Tyres of Avon.

These wholly British-made tyres have long since obtained an excellent reputation for reliability and resilience—indeed, the word "Avon" stands to-day for good tyre service on the road. Constructed of the best material, and in the best possible manner, they are made with non-skid square and round treads, the square treads doing particularly good service on steering-wheels, while the non-skids, which are composed of layers of compressed rubber and canvas, with specially hardened steel studs securely fitted, wear well and give great satisfaction. Samples of Avon motor-tyre accessories and Avon motor-tyre repairs are shown, for the



DUNLOP

FIRST IN 1888: FOREMOST EVER SINCE.

Grooved and steel-studded tyres
Detachable wheels and rims
Dunlop security bolt protector
Dunlop special security patches
Dunlop quick-drying solution
Full range of other accessories
Pneumatic filling for motor tyres

EXHIBITED AT
OLYMPIA
Stand 302
(GALLERY).
Open Nov. 4th to 12th, inclusive.

STAND No.

38

OLYMPIA SHOW!

STAND No

38

WOLSELEY

AUTOCARS.

SEVEN MODELS are being listed for the coming season, four of which are exhibited at Olympia on Stand No. 38.

Chassis Price.	Chassis Price.
12-16 h.p. (four-cyl.) £310	24-30 h.p. (six-cyl.) £610
16-20 h.p. (four-cyl.) £395	30-34 h.p. (four-cyl.) £550
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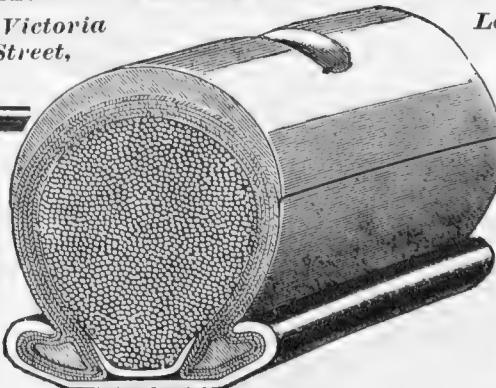
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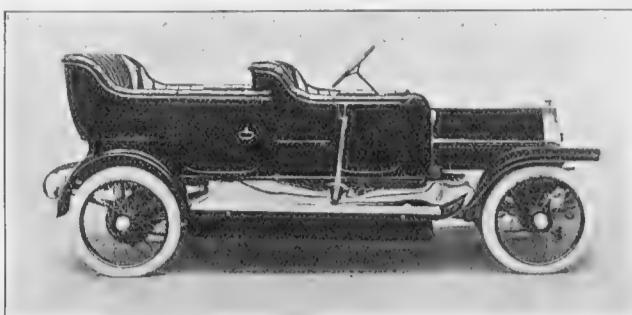
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(Further Motor Show Notes on Page A11.)

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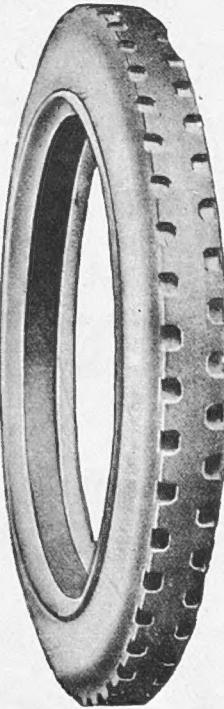
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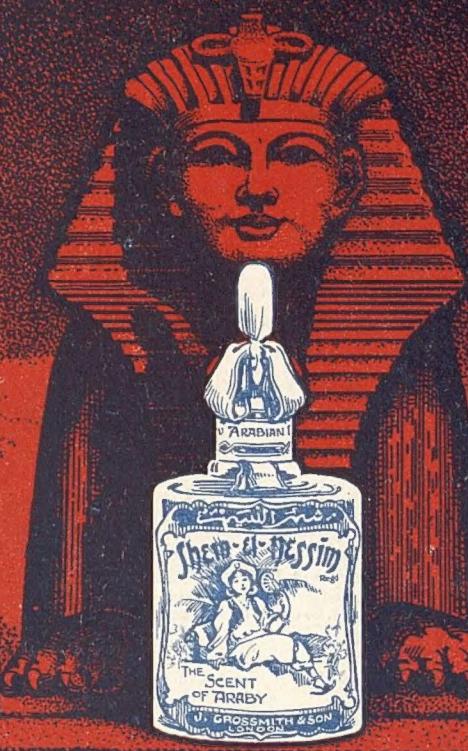
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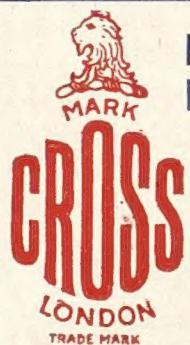
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